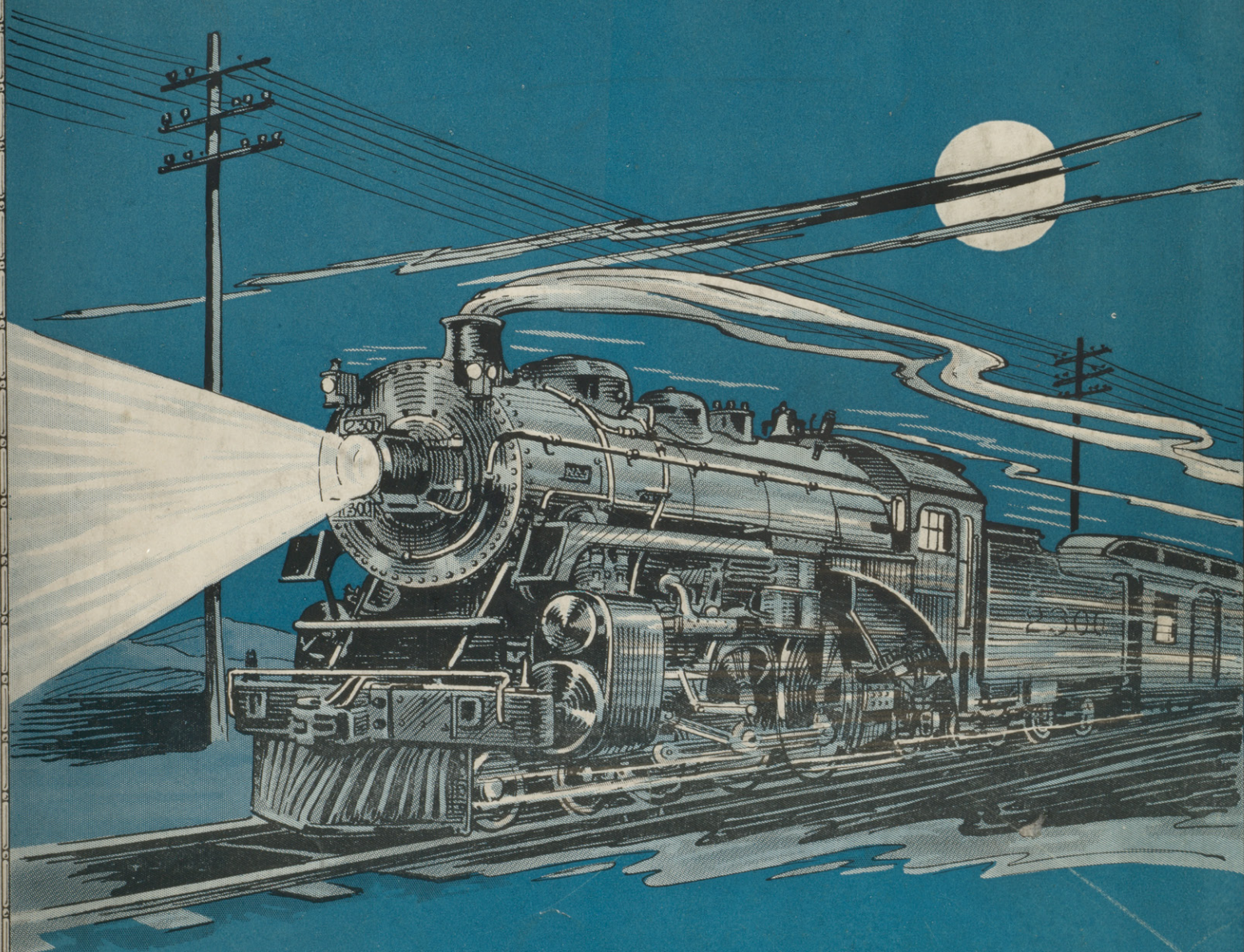


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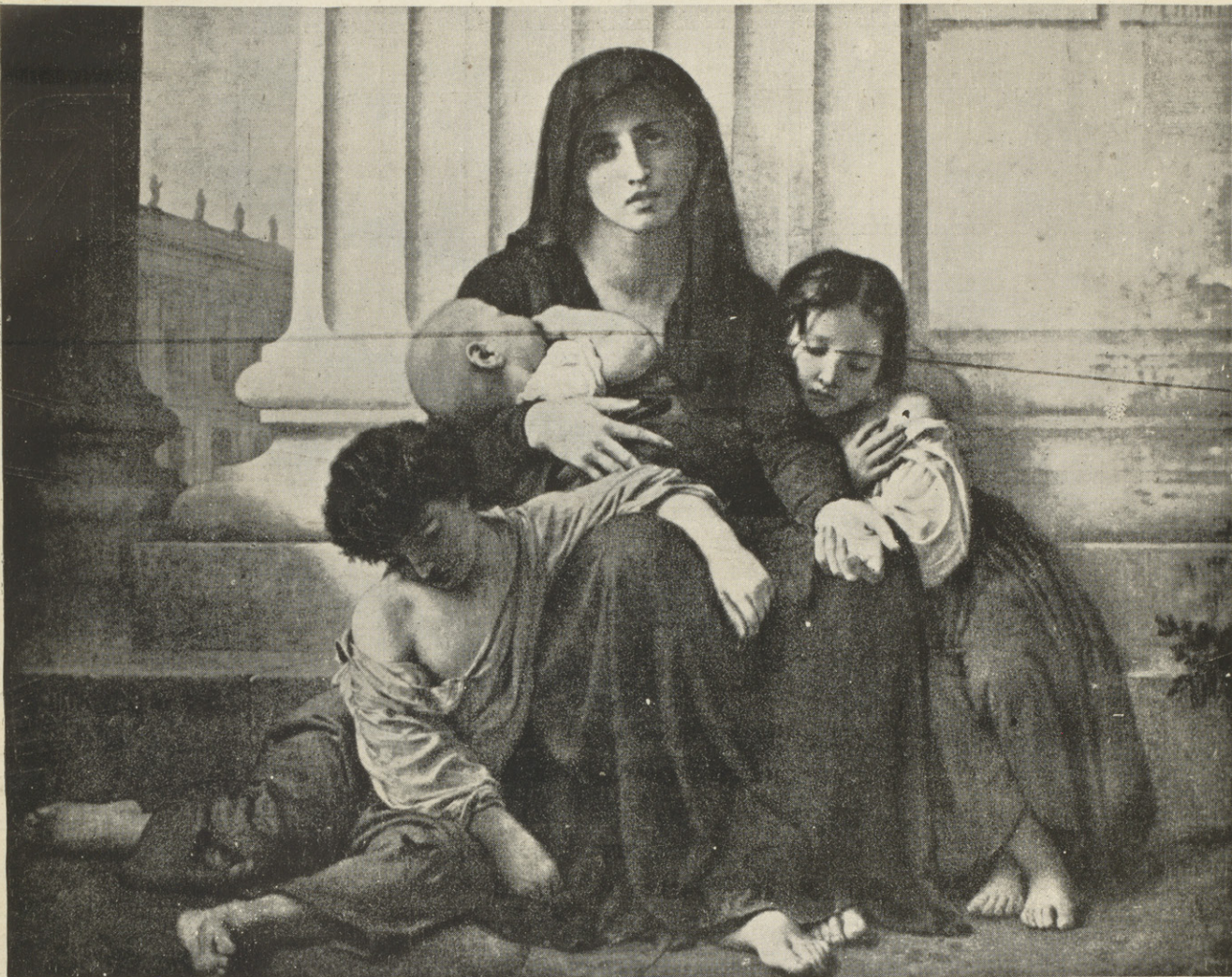
CANADIAN RAILROADER



Christmas Number
NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE

Vol. 6, No. 2.

25¢ a copy
\$1. a Year



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It Suffers and Cries from Hunger and Cold.*

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move us all to give generously for the Relief of Poor Children.

*The MAN who is **poor**, is often so through his own fault.*

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*be the impelling example to the workingman who aims to imitate you. You will thus be happier
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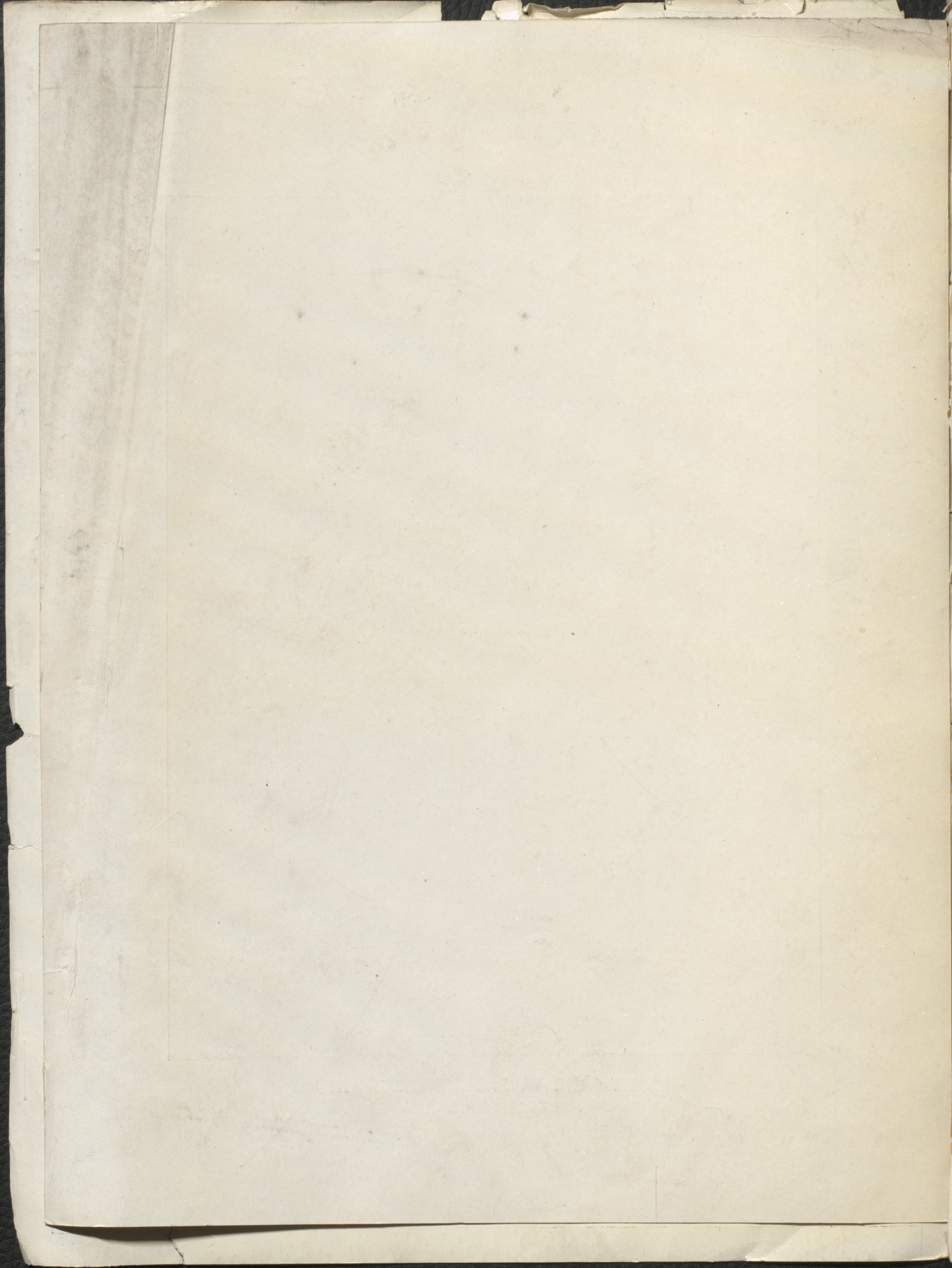
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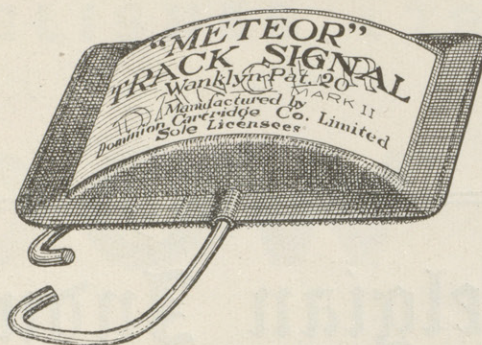
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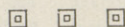
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CANADIAN RAILROADER



This Magazine is specially devoted to Canadian railroadmen who are Engineers, Conductors, Firemen, Switchmen and Brakemen, Maintenance of Way Men and Telegraphers.
It also circulates amongst those in many other walks of life. Twenty-five cents a copy; one dollar a year.

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J. W. COLLEY,
ADVERTISING MANAGER

17

NO. 2

CHRISTMAS, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

VOL. VI

Christmas Presents

WE HAVE the Irish Treaty, the Reduction of Armament Conference, and a new Canadian Government, so that we cannot grumble much about the lack of Christmas presents in a big way.

If some geniuses could have fixed the Russian trouble, saving those millions of lives that are being lost through starvation, we might have felt that this Christmas was the best for many years.

The ideal of peace on earth, goodwill to all men, is still an ideal, but we are moving more swiftly towards it than we have ever moved, and that in itself is cause for rejoicing.

* * * * *

Congratulations are due to the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King and his Government for their extraordinary success at the polls.

They have difficulties ahead, some of them heritages from their predecessors, and one of these is the railway problem.

It will take at least Lloyd-Georgian cleverness to find the way out, a way that will appeal at once to railroaders, farmers, industrialists and the mass of the community generally.

* * * * *

There is this to be said, though, with some assurance: That while good faith does not necessarily imply good judgment, there is little good judgment without good faith, and good faith is a large part of the means to good judgment.

In the exercise of good faith, on behalf of all the people, is the answer to the railway problem; good faith will even help to cover or offset some errors of judgment.

If mere politics is played with the railway problem, it will not be adjusted for years to come.

A great deal of faith has been placed by the people in the new Government.

It is up to that Government to stick close to the faith for the sake of the country and the sake of itself.

Would You Like a Calendar?

Reproductions of the front cover of this issue of the Railroader are being made on Bristol cardboard, with a date pad stitched on, making a very attractive calendar for the year 1922. Send name and address to:

Calendar Department,
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316 Lagauchetiere St. W.,
Montreal

and a calendar will be mailed to you with the Railroader's compliments.

Suitable for Framing.

The inserted supplement, with the Premier's photograph, is specially printed for purposes of framing.

**May this Christmas help to
bring your wishes true**

Bert, Florrie, and the Movies

By Charles W. Stokes.

THE moving picture industry, just now, is flat on its back, gasping for sympathy and appealing to stardom to produce from their ranks one really virtuous or one truly domesticated star as an alibi for its morality. It would seem rather cruel, therefore, to hit the industry while it is down; nevertheless, it is high time somebody jumped upon the moving pictures, and severely mashed them, for the way in which they have deluded, perverted and victimized Bert and Florrie.

"Bert" and "Florrie" are two imaginary characters who are assumed by the people who make moving pictures to sit in every audience. In fact, the assumption is extended to conceiving the average audience as composed of at least 51 per cent. of Berts and Florries. The charming pair are of less than ordinary intelligence; the number of words they couldn't spell, and the smallness of their vocabularies as compared with Shakespeare's—for the moving picture visualization of them is not very flattering—would give the dictionary people a violent headache. But Bert and Florrie are very important. Whenever he has a new film to release, the producer asks himself anxiously—not how will the highbrows like this, or how will it hit the critics—but "What will Bert and Florrie say?"

Right on the Job.

So far as morality is concerned, of course, Bert and Florrie form a far more effective censorship than any Purity League you could name, paid or unpaid. They are usually in the earlier stages of love's young dream, and hope to be married when Bert gets a raise; consequently, and very naturally, they view things through such roseate glasses that the seamy side of life is non-existent for them. They know, truly enough, that vice may flourish for a brief spell, but they know also that virtue eventually triumphs, that the honest lad will win out in the end. The discontented wife who craves to live her life uncramped may go right up to the edge of the precipice, or hubby may fall so hard for the vamp that he forgets all his home ties; but finally the little child will lie deadly sick of the fever, and the dis-severed couple will hold hands across his (or her) little bed and be reunited. If you put one of these modern novels on the films—the kind, you know, that the "younger school" will simply not write if it has a happy ending—Bert and Florrie would boot it from the screen instant.

Really Being Victimized.

But, unrealized by themselves, Bert and Florrie are being victimized. The movies are changing their economic perspective—especially Florrie's. For no one seems to wash dishes in the movies, or scrub floors, or cook meals, except possibly the white-haired old mother who either dies in the second reel or lingers on to the final dissolve so that her cruel and heedless daughter may come to find out what a treasure she is. On the rare occasion that food figures on the film, in fact, it is generally parked on human faces in the form of custard pies. Once in a while you do indeed see a dinner party, crystal, silver, wine-glasses, evening gowns, an' ever' thin', or you catch a glimpse of a secluded corner of the

unspeakable restaurant into which the villain has lured the poor working girl. But you seldom see people eating things.

No, no one works in the movies, except possibly the rich father who pulls miles and miles of ticker tape through feverish fingers and sits at a walnut desk crushing Wall Street. Nobody seems to serve in stores or lunch-counters, or to bang the typewriter, except perhaps the dear little blondie who later on marries into the Van-What's-Their-Names. The axiom of the film is that immediately the heroine appears all work automatically stops, and that immediately she falls in love the whole world stops, too. I have never seen any other sphere where impressive and important-appearing elderly persons, who in real life would think about as little of the love affairs of people in their teens as they would of the immortality of the peanut, will interrupt momentous conferences—even stop pulling ticker tape through their fingers—to wink at the office boy and tiptoe out so as not to disturb the final clinch of Blondie and Moonface.

Piling It Up On Bert.

It must rather worry Bert, though, if he is a sensible young man, to look at those interior "sets." He is no pessimist, and the whole world is his oyster, but he knows, if Florrie does not, that the price of even standardized furniture is up, and that there won't be much left over from that thousand dollars for these flim-flams that environ the existence of the film heroine. Between you and me, if we had to reside permanently in the average movie house, with its freak furniture and its trick bedrooms, I fancy we would be justified, too, in acting in somewhat the same unconventional way that has lately been characterizing Los Angeles. Possibly, after marriage, Bert will not jib at the spectacle of his loved one in frilly pyjamas tied round the ankle. He is broad-minded and—thanks to the fillum—versed in the procedure in vogue amongst the elect; but disillusion awaits Florrie should she artlessly picture her matrimonial career as consisting entirely of having to choose which motor she will use this morning.

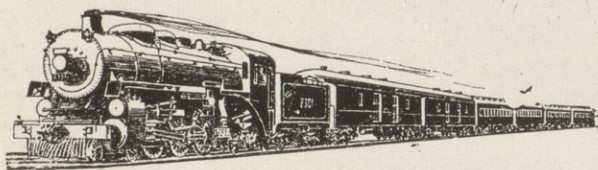
The current "soup and fish" movie (a friend of mine has compiled tables proving that out of every hundred moving pictures produced, an average of eighty-two are laid wholly or in part in a soup-and-fish setting) has made Bert and Florrie a little snobbish. Just as in England no novelist who caters to the masses dare make his principal characters other than Lords and Dukes and Marchionesses, so in this country, where the novelette does not exist, no film play is complete unless it has Persian rugs, scores of maids (who never seem to work), butlers, limousines, immense gardens, frilled pyjamas, breakfast in bed, six changes of dress per day, and a huge hall with an enormous staircase, down which the heroine comes tripping in her simple white frock and the family jewels. Bert and Florrie are getting a little condescending to a setting less luxurious. They laugh consumedly at the poor dub from the lower classes who gets into such an atmosphere and makes all kinds of ludicrous mistakes.

They are getting to be quite expert on etiquette, manners, and interior decoration, are Bert and Florrie.

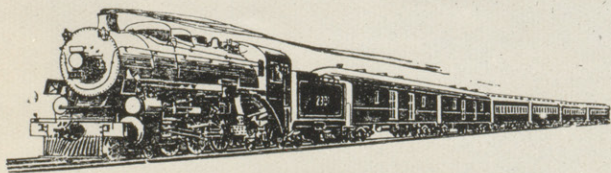
On Jarring the Engineer

(By Jason Kelley, one of the tribe.)

HAVING attended a safety first meeting and heard the usual good advice about guarding against taking chances of any kind that are likely to endanger personal safety, don't it make you tired to be called for an old mill that is long overdue in the back shop, having double flanged tires that threaten to break the frogs and split the switches, and is pounding so the head shack can hardly go to sleep, and she even threatens to drive a rod up through the cab at any moment; then, when you are near the end of the 16-hour trip, the fireman and yourself, worn and weary in mind and body, with nothing inside of you but hope and room for a few sinkers, with a clinkered fire, a few leaky flues and the remnant of a tank of slack coal, don't it make you tired to have the next trick dispatcher, just from the hay, like a fresh teamster cracking his whip over a tired team, hand you a time order that calls for a record run for twenty miles against the "Cannon Ball?"



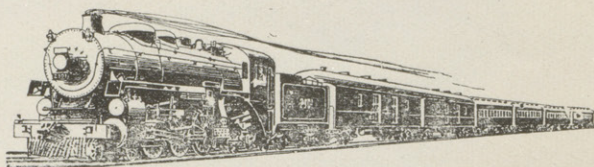
Or, when you have just arrived late on a run and the fireman and yourself have had everything to contend against, including wind and rail and tonnage and an engine that was built for making overtime, don't it make your temper rise to the popping point to be told that the conductor, "all lit up" with a high collar, a stogie and a shine, said to the select company in the beanery on his arrival "that you were afraid to hit her hard enough to make the time, and that he had a notion to go over ahead and 'call you' several times during the trip?" Now, don't it?



Or, when you are giving water away to get steam to help out some fireman who thinks his whole duty lies in getting the tank of coal through her in the shortest possible time, and after you have reached the point where you are debating with yourself whether you had better shut off the gun once more before she commits suicide or kill the fireman with the soft hammer, don't it make you tired when you suggest to him that he fire a little lighter, to have him say, "Never mind, old top, I know my business?"

Or, when you are on a hurry-up time order, which proves to be so fast that you find you can't make

it, and you stop and tell the head man rather hurriedly to cut you on, to flag yourself in, don't it make you weary to have the fellow deliberately "roll one" and tell you that he is braking for the conductor?



Or say you have a hot driving box on a day when it's 90 in the shade, 110 in the sun and about 800 under the engine where you are trying to work, then when you have finished the job and crawled out between the sand pipe and the wheel, and as you try to straighten up your bent back, you remark to some gaping rube bystander, by way of seeking sympathy, that it is a pretty hot day; now, don't it make you tired to have him say, "Just right for the corn crop?"

Or, say you have beat your engine until you've almost burned up the ties with speed, have swept the tank clean and hung the fireman's hide on the coal gate, and your own is pretty loose, don't it nettle you somewhat to have the conductor, who hasn't lost any rest to speak of during the trip, say when you arrive on time, "Nice runnin' train, Bill?"

TELL IT TO HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing;

If you like him or you love him, tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration;

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really hear about it;

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him;

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

—Selected.

HE "HELPED" THE WRONG WAY.

A green brakeman was making his first trip up the Sierras. The train was going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer said with a sigh of relief:

"I tell you what, my lad, we had a hard job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes, we'd have slipped back."

—Carl A. Fanton.

Reggie: "I told her I was going to kiss her once for every step of the way home."

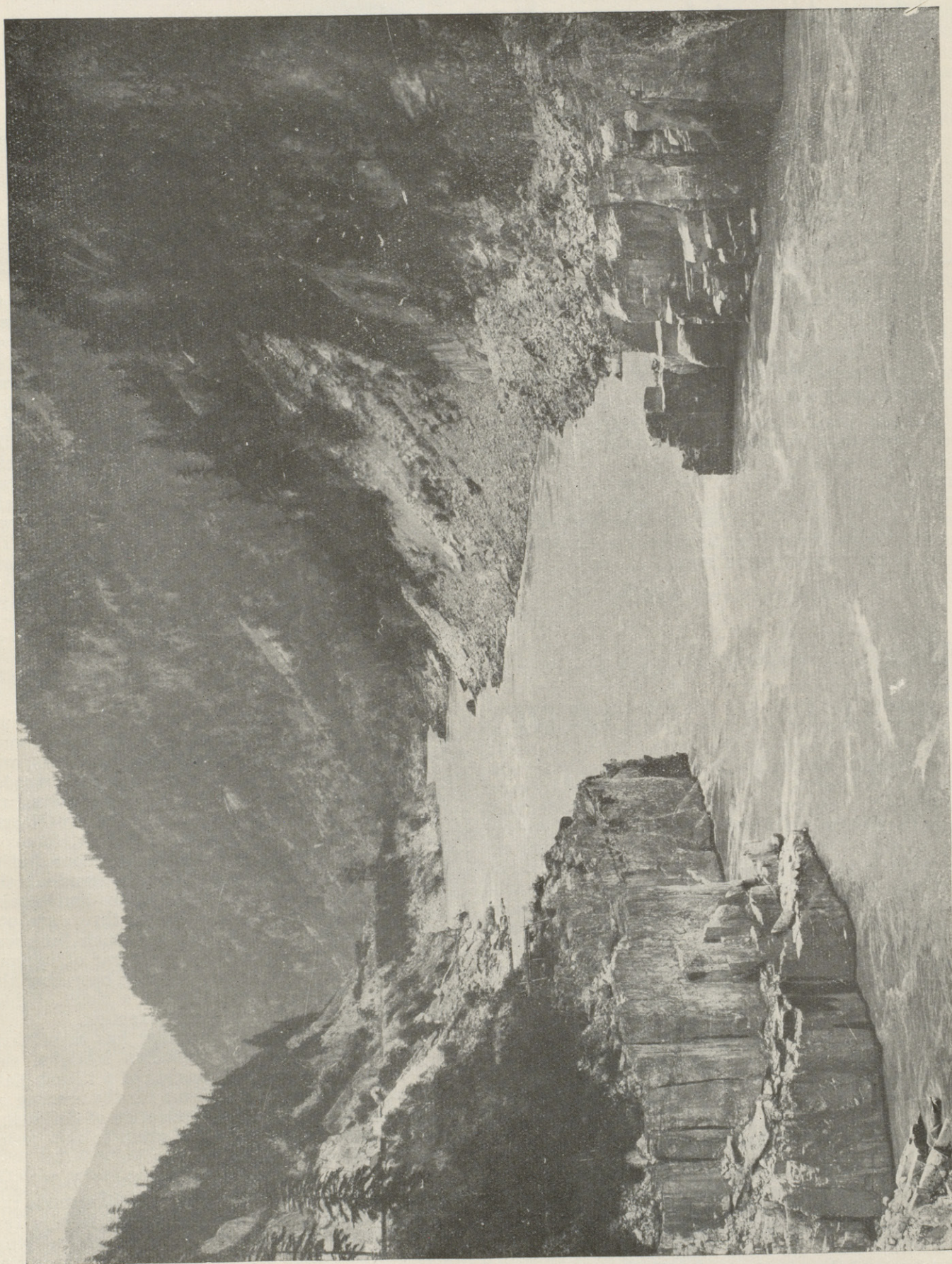
Archie: "And what did she do?"

Reggie: "She went upstairs and put on a hobble-skirt."—Answers.

Color blindness is more common among educated than among uneducated people.



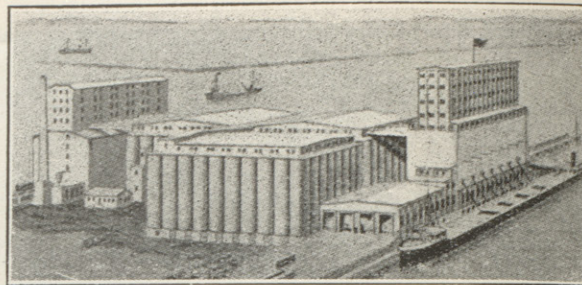
"Lake in the Clouds"—Lake Louise, B.C.



Hell's Gates, Fraser Canyon, B.C.

Handling Grain For Export

By David Warwick,
in
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
MAGAZINE



C. N. R. Elevator : Capacity, 10,000,000 bushels.

IN any country where the natural resources of the soil, forests, mines and fisheries are distributed fairly evenly, agriculture is usually the chief primary industry, with the other primary industries, and those based upon the utilization of the natural resources, completing the structure.

Canada is an agricultural country. We grow much more than we consume, and we export a great deal of the surplus—especially grain. As a consequence, the cereal crop is of importance in Canadian prosperity, and a great deal of thought, and energy, and money, have been expended upon the methods and facilities utilized in getting the product from the fields to the markets over seas.

Strategic Importance.

In Canada, in the plans worked out for the handling of western grain, the terminal elevators at Port Arthur and Fort William occupy a position of great strategic importance. The farmer threshes his grain in the field, and markets it, often immediately, to country elevators, which stretch in a great chain throughout the entire Canadian west. From these elevators the grain is loaded into box cars and transported by the railways to points where the inspection by government officers is made, and from those points to terminal elevators where as long as export demand continues and navigation on the lakes is open the transshipment to vessels is effected. During the season of lake and river navigation in this country this transfer, from box cars to ships, takes place at Fort William and Port Arthur, with the great terminal elevators, there, the medium of its accomplishment. The railways have concentrated upon their part of the problem. They provide motive power and grain cars in ever increasing numbers with yards and engine houses in proportion and make careful plans in advance with constant endeavor to see that nothing obstructs the movement of the grain to the great elevators at the head of the lakes.

50 Million Bushels.

The total capacity of these grain-handling plants, at the twin cities on Lake Superior, is in excess of 50 million bushels, and the largest among them is that of Canadian National Railways. Most of the operations within these elevators are almost automatic in character, and the cereals are handled in great quantities, at high speed, once they have actually passed into the institution. A weak link in the chain of

marketing has always been the transfer from the box car into the elevator. It seems odd that, with all the improvements during the last twenty years in actual railway and elevator practice, this feature should have remained so little changed. This was not a consequence of neglect, for many able minds had been at work to speed up this operation, but no device quite suitable was evolved. When the Canadian National Railways elevator was being re-constructed at Port Arthur, a year or so ago, this factor was the cause of considerable consideration. A faster unloading device was sought, and finally one was designed, constructed, and four units installed. The Canadian National elevator is the largest grain-handling plant in the world, it having a capacity of almost 10 million bushels, and the operation of the new device—the first installation as far as the magazine is aware—is being followed with keen interest.

The Power Shovel.

Before adopting the new automatic box car unloader, the Canadian National elevator, in common with all others receiving grain from box cars, was equipped with a power shovel—a large, wooden affair, connected by a cable to a power-driven revolving shaft. The operator carries the shovel over the grain to the farthest point in the car, forces it into the grain when it is drawn to the door and to the pits by machine power. The man handling the shovel repeats this operation again and again. Usually two shovels, and sometimes three, are utilized to a car, but, for all that, too much time was required to unload an average grain car of its contents. And apart from that, the men operating the shovels are constantly enveloped in a cloud of dust while undergoing heavy, physical exertion.

The automatic box car unloader has revolutionized this operation at the Canadian National elevator. The device adopted consists of a tilting platform, with automatic mechanisms for the opening of the grain door, and for the introduction of deflecting baffles into the car to cause the grain to flow properly by gravity.

A car from the tracks where the "loads" are kept is moved to the tilting table. In 40 seconds the end bumpers are raised and the car centered. Ten seconds are required for the drawing of end pins, and 15 seconds more for the opening and raising of the car-door with this last operation 10 per cent. of the grain is discharged into the elevator pit. The tilting table, with the car securely fastened there-

on, is tilted 20 degrees, and 35 per cent. of the grain content pours, by gravity, into the receiving pit; this requiring 20 seconds. Next, the right "baffle" is inserted and the table tipped 45 degrees to the right, with the result that 85 per cent. of the grain remaining pours through the door, the operation requiring 40 seconds.

Empties the Car.

The right "baffle" is then withdrawn, and the left inserted. The table is tilted 45 degrees, which completely empties the car. This last operation involves 50 seconds. The left "baffle" is then withdrawn and the car levelled, 10 seconds; the door breaker is withdrawn in 12 seconds; the end pins are inserted in 10 seconds; and the end bumpers dropped and the interior of the car inspected, in 30 seconds more. The complete operation, therefore, requires 237 seconds, or approximately 4 minutes. The empty car is removed from the unloading platform, and a loaded car moved in to take its place. This requires about 3 minutes.

It is seen, therefore, that when no delays occur in distributing the grain inside the elevator, cars may be unloaded at the rate of one car per unloader every 7 minutes, at the Canadian National plant. The average per hour for a ten-hour day at the elevator, is a little less than this, but approximately 250 cars can be unloaded in any one day of that number of hours.

Each unloader has an operator, stationed in a cab and taking care of both unloader and car haulage operations; an attendant at the car door to oversee the dumping and to inspect the car after it is unloaded; and two laborers to move loaded cars on, and empty cars off, the platform.

Safety of Workers.

The safety element has not been overlooked. The operator's cab is directly opposite the car door, and through its glass windows he has an unobstructed view into the car at all times during the dumping operation. The electrical control board is located conveniently, and all operations of the unloader are under his direct control. The rocking table is so designed as to be in stable equilibrium in all positions and under all conditions of unloading.

Should a breakage occur in the tipping mechanism, the bridge will immediately come to a horizontal position without damage. The motors and transmissions are arranged so that no motion can take place unless actuated by an electrical current. The apparatus is, therefore, practically foolproof, and incapable of being damaged by improper operation.

Delivered to Belt.

Grain from the receiving hopper at the unloader is delivered by multiple valves to a conveyor belt and loft leg discharging to a 2,000 bushel capacity garner over the receiving scale. Conveyor belts and loft legs serving the unloaders have a capacity of 20,000 bushels of grain per hour. The scales are specially designed for rapid weighing; the 2,000 bushel capacity scale hopper having a 28 inch diameter outlet valve at the bottom.

Distribution of grain from the scale is controlled by a turnhead operated from the scale floor. Separ-

ate spouts are provided direct from each scale turnhead to a shipping bin, car loading spout, storage conveyor belt, transfer belt, and to a Mayo spout serving a number of work house bins. This rapid system of distribution not only permits economy of operation, but is necessary to permit distribution of the grain as rapidly as it is delivered from the car unloaders.

The cleaning capacity of the elevator is adequate to serve its receiving capacity. Grain is shipped to boats on five loft legs with a total average capacity of 75,000 bushels per hour. The elevator is of reinforced concrete construction throughout except the storage annexes, which are of tile construction. The elevator is electrically driven, with a separate motor for each machine. Its vacuum cleaning system is as complete as can be devised, and unusual precautions are taken to prevent dust explosions.

Worth Believing In.

"Do you really believe in heredity?"

"Most certainly I do. That is how I came into all my money!"—London Mail.

Where They Show It.

"We women bear pain better than men."

"Who told you that? Your doctor?"

"No, my shoemaker." — Karikaturen (Christiania.)

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More Tobacco for the Money



Packages
15c.
1/2 lb. Tins.
85c.

The Tobacco with a heart



Beautifying Grand Trunk Station Grounds



There has been much favorable comment during the past summer on the improved appearance of the grounds surrounding the stations on the Grand Trunk Railway System. While it has been the practice at a few of the larger stations to have flower beds, there was no general plan dealing with the creation of garden effects at the smaller stations until about two seasons ago.

The men in charge of the various stations were supplied with the plants, etc., and in the majority of cases they did their own arranging. The ultimate results of their work, as seen from the passing trains, being in every way satisfactory, and reflecting great credit on the men, who, previous to the company taking up the subject, had done little or no horticultural work.

The Passing of Lord Mount Stephen

LORD Mount Stephen is dead, aged 92 years. He passed away peacefully on November 29th, 1921, at his residence, Bocket Hill, Hatfield, Hertfordshire, dying painlessly of sheer old age. Lord Mount Stephen had been living in absolute retirement for many years.

George Stephen was a Scot, born in 1829 at Dufftown, Banffshire, and his educational advantages were confined to what the parish school afforded. Leaving school at the early age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a draper and dealer in dry goods in Aberdeen. Having completed his four years' apprenticeship, like many in the northern land, he made his way to London, where he joined a well-known firm which still exists under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was the middle of the 19th century when George Stephen, then 31 years of age, reached Canada in company with his cousin, Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona). In Montreal he entered the service of his cousin, William Stephen, who was in the dry goods trade, and three years later he went into partnership under the style of William Stephen & Company. Years of steady hard work followed. In 1862 the senior partner died, and George, acquiring the whole business, began to manufacture cloth. This proved remunerative and he soon devoted his entire efforts to it, relinquishing the wholesale trade.

George Stephen was elected a director of the Bank of Montreal, and in 1876 he was chosen as vice-president, and later as president.

The name of Lord Mount Stephen will be chiefly remembered as being associated with the conception and the carrying to completion of the C.P.R., the pioneer transcontinental railway. He joined the small but determined and optimistic group of men who had accepted the offer of the Government to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was its first president in 1881, and the first annual report was printed on one sheet of note paper and signed by George Stephen. It was fitting that he should be its first president, for he had put his all into it, for one thing; for another, he had unrivalled driving power; and, again, he had genius for method and detail.

A year after the completion of the C.P.R., George Stephen was created a baronet. He built himself a magnificent home on Drummond St., Montreal, in which he took great pride, especially in the conservatory, built after the English style, as well as in his pictures, to which he devoted much attention.

In thinking of the public welfare of the community, Sir George Stephen at that period displayed great generosity.

Sir George Stephen resigned the presidency of the C. P. R. in 1888, in which he was succeeded by the late Sir William Van Horne, who consolidated, and at the same time extended the service and earnings of that great corporation. Three years later, in 1891, he was created a baron by Queen Victoria, when he assumed the title of Lord Mount Stephen, and crossed the Atlantic to settle down in England.

In his beautiful home, Bocket Hall, Hatfield, Herts, near which the Salisbury family reside, he for many years entertained notable personages and devoted himself to the promotion of philanthropic movements.

Lord Mount Stephen was twice married, his first marriage taking place in 1853, to Anne Charlotte, daughter of Benjamin Kane. In 1897 he was united to Glen Tufnell, daughter of the late Captain George Tufnell, R.N. There was no issue of these marriages; but Lord Mount Stephen adopted a daughter, who married a son of the Northcote family in England.

It is of interest to note that although in his valedictory to the C. P. R. shareholders, Lord Mount Stephen excused his retirement on the ground of health, he lived for a period of thirty-three years thereafter, or the span of another generation.

Much regret was expressed in C. P. R. circles when the death of Lord Mount Stephen became known. All the flags from one end of the system to the other were placed at half-mast, and a laurel wreath was placed on the statue of Lord Mount Stephen which stands in the waiting room of the Windsor street station here.

"It was a cause of great satisfaction to Lord Mount Stephen that he lived to see his 'baby' grow into the greatest enterprise Canada has ever known," said Lord Shaughnessy. "There was a great personal friendship between us," continued Lord Shaughnessy, "which deepened as the years advanced." Discussing the fact that Lord Mount Stephen was in his 93rd year, and that Mr. R. B. Angus, who had been so intimately connected with Lord Mount Stephen, is in his 91st year, Lord Shaughnessy commented: "I am only 68; quite a boy compared with them."

"I was first associated with Lord Mount Stephen in 1882 nearly forty years ago, shortly after the construction of the Canadian Pacific had been commenced by the company, but my relations did not become at all close until the end of 1884. From that time until he retired from participation in the company's affairs we were very close business and personal friends. Indeed, our very warm personal relations continued to the end.

"During the last 25 or 26 years he had lived in England, but he followed Canadian affairs with the keenest interest.

"My most intimate connections with him were in 1884 and 1885, when the Government, after the first loan, were loath to provide any more money. It was during that emergency that he and Lord Strathcona furnished the requisite funds from their own fortunes, at a considerable sacrifice, no doubt, because they had to sell other securities that they held to raise the money. Finally the Government did make a further loan of \$5,000,000, which saw the company through, and enabled it to get along until Lord Mount Stephen, or George Stephen, as he was then, had succeeded in selling the company's first mortgage bonds through Baring Brothers.

"Just as soon as the company received payment for its bonds, the whole debt to the Government was paid. He had said he would repay the loan, and did so. But if he had adopted modern methods he would probably have tried to borrow more money instead."



VETERANS OF MANY SNOWSHOE TRAMPS
OFF ON ANOTHER HIKE

SIDE LINES

By Kennedy Crone.

NOT long ago a poet blew in. There was no mark of the popular conception of the poet about him, but that is no guide. The popular conception of the poet, as a person with flowing tie, hair and voice, is, like most other popular conceptions, badly out of kilter. In my time I have gazed upon a lot of poets—fine, so-so and awful. I have been pleased, patient and pained. The awfuls have it. It is my opinion that there are more awful poets to the square mile than criminals of any other kind. If the policemen had to arrest all the awful poets some night, on the ground, say, of incitement to violence, they would have to pick up about five or six apiece.

A large percentage of these would be the poets who write to the "Poets' Corner," and the poets who send greetings to brother Scots on St. Andrew's Day, and get them printed in the papers. As a brother Scot, I have sometimes been called in to diagnose St. Andrew's Day poetry. Usually I have said that it had three lines in the grave and the fourth might have its life prolonged by oxygen. Occasionally the poets or the proud relatives or cronies of the poets have come back at me with the jibe that I was no Scot at all if I could not recognize the flavor of Robert Burns that oozed through the verse. I have confessed, under these circumstances, that I was no Scot. Also, I have added that if Robert Burns had had to recognize such oozing flavor or renounce his nationality, he would have declared himself as a Fiji Islander.

Admitted His Greatness.

However, there are, here and there, more awful poets than "Poets' Corner" poets and St. Andrew's Day poets. The awfulest poet I ever knew began on me with something like this:

"The sun had sunk low in the west,

When along the village street a beauteous damsel came,

The glory of youth shone at her best,

In her fair face was barely a trace of shame."

He said that there were four more verses already written and three extras in his head, if space permitted. I said that I wondered if three more verses could find space in his head. He said he meant space in public print. What was I trying to do, he asked—josh him? Well, he expected to be joshed. Every

great writer, at the beginning of his career, had been joshed by some publisher.

I asked him if the other written verses were as good as the first verse. He said they were much better, and started off—

"He stood, entranced, and to himself did say," when I stopped him dead with the remark that poetry, to be thoroughly appreciated, had to grow on one, and if he did not mind letting the poem grow on me for a few days, and leaving a stamped envelope as a matter of form, he would hear from me. He left me an envelope with an American stamp. At that, I had no complaint. I wish I could get rid of all my troubles with a two-cent stamp.

Sent to Wrong Market.

Once upon a time I had to examine about 300 manuscripts a week. I glanced at about 275 and the girl mailed them home again. What struck me then was the number of poets, mainly awfuls, who sent in poetry which, even if it had been good, was obviously unsuited to the character of the work I was engaged in. The situation might be compared to that of trying to sell rat-traps to policemen because, of course, policemen were in the rat-catching line, or of trying to get room and board for a baby elephant in the Foundling Hospital, it being well known that the Hospital's business was the welfare of the young. Personally, I would hesitate about offering a spring poesy to the Police Gazette or a tavern taradiddle to the Canadian Churchman, but there are many poets who have no eyesight on these lines.

Estimating the Non-Poet.

When I meet a poet who looks like the poet of the frenzied flubdub that many people read nowadays, or who looks like the poet of the movies, straight from Greenwich Village or the Latin Quarter, I know he is not a poet. He is all dressed up, but his poetry has nowhere to go. An exception is Bliss Carman. He is a real poet who looks like the popular conception of the poet.

As a rule, good poets have no label. By appearance, they might be anything from hodcarriers down to stockbrokers. Even supposing they had a desire to wave the hair, often there isn't enough hair left. As for waving ties, well, your real poet is more likely to have no tie at all, unless he has a wife who buys one for him now and then and sees to it that he puts it on. So far as his own feelings in the matter are concerned, he would probably prefer to forget the collar as well as the tie, and I know some who

would like to ignore the shirt. They are quiet, sensitive, modest persons for the most part, and very poor salesmen of their wares.

Behold, Canada's Poet!

They are quite different from the poet who looked like the flubdub or movie poet, and came in a grand air one night when I was editing copy for a morning paper.

"I am Theocritus Tittlebat," he announced, ponderously, striking a pose three feet from my desk.

"Yes?" said I. I had noticed the name in a local "Poets' Corner."

"I said I was Theocritus Tittlebat," he proceeded, with an ominous roll to the words, and paused for effect.

There was no effect.

"What is your business?" I asked.

"Don't you know who I am?" he growled, surprisedly.

I was getting annoyed, as I had a lot of work to do, and I said: "I should judge that you are some relative of Adam, but I do not know the particulars."

"Sir," he said, stepping forward and thumping my desk, "you are an ignoramus and a trifler. I will not stand for this, sir. I am Theocritus Tittlebat, the Canadian poet."

Being roused by this time, I answered, sweetly: "Are you only a Canadian poet, or are you the Canadian poet?"

"I am the Canadian poet," he said. "I had intended to let your paper have my latest poem, 'Ode to a Raspberry Bush,' but I have changed my mind. Your paper shall not have it, sir, and when it appears elsewhere you can explain as best you can to your employer."

"Meanwhile," I said, "toddle home, Theocritus, and let me do a little work. Good-night."

Poet With Real Money.

But to get back to the poet who blew in not long ago. He had a string of verses and as he handed the lot over he leaned towards my ear and said: "I'll give you a dollar to yourself if you use them." That ended him with me, for a real poet would not be likely to have a loose dollar, and if he had he would not pass it to an editor. He would realize the futility of offering a dollar to an editor: any self-respecting editor would want at least a dollar and a quarter. If the poet felt really reckless about a dollar, he would, in any case, prefer to cut it into strips for Christmas decoration.

The best way, if not, indeed, the only way, to get awful poetry into print (outside "Poets' Corners" and St. Andrew's Day columns) is to become an editor. When an editor feels the urge for sticking some lines of his own in type, he merely shoots them up to the printer. If the printer doesn't like the lines, he has no come-back, anyway. It's a great thing to be an editor and thus be able to put across awful poetry. I know, because I write awful poetry myself.

WHAT IS A RAILWAY TARIFF COMPILER?

IF someone had asked me a year ago what a railway tariff compiler was, I might have made a guess that he was the low-down person who piled up the tariffs and considered every ordinary, non-railway citizen as fair game. I would probably have pictured him as a being with a card-index countenance, who swore by figures while the rest of

the community swore at them, a sort of moving decimal point, cold as a flat heated by the landlord, eating his meals by precise percentages, and running his wife and his home with arithmetical accuracy and superfine stinginess, a perfect figure cutting no figure at all in the imperfect yet lovable emotions of the outer world.

Surprises In Store.

Late! I met one of these tariff compilers, not of my own volition; by force of circumstances. He said "Howdjadoo" quite amiably. I thought that he should have said "Well?" in a heavy, threatening manner to which no doubt I would have replied in a ribald, insolent way leading to atmospheric disturbance. Then I found that he knew Dickens; fancy a tariff compiler knowing Dickens! Next he showed acquaintance with R. L. S., G. B. S., and O. Henry; strange company, indeed, for these writing fellows to keep! Other things cropped up in conversation

(Continued on next page)

UNEMPLOYMENT



PAWNS IN THE GAME

"All child welfare work is based upon normal industrial conditions and is liable to be thrown out of gear the moment these conditions alter," says Maternity and Child Welfare which publishes this cartoon

—warm, human things which puzzled me, considering their origin. I concluded that this tariff compiler must be the specimen shown to visitors, and that the other really terrible persons were working in the back kitchen. But I met other tariff compilers at different times, until now I think I know nearly every tariff compiler in the pile, quite a large pile.

A Well-Informed Person.

Any fanciful notions of tariff compilers have gone. The compiler knows every kind of passenger rate or freight rate on every kind of passenger and every kind of freight, a monumental mass of information when you consider the thousands of stations, the maze of connecting rail and steamship lines, and the ever-changing reductions and advances ordered by Canadian and American railway commissions. No one can touch a tariff compiler on geography; even the school teacher is away down the list by comparison. And the tariff compiler is not the piler of tariffs; he merely does for his company what his company is ordered to do by the various railway commissions. True, he is an expert on figures, but he does not breathe them; he is no different in a crowd than other men.

Dreams None the Worse.

The exactness necessary to his work, the intensity and speed with which he has often to work to get some change conveyed to every man on the system, and every customer off it, who must know of it, has taken the edge from some of his dreams, but the dreams are none the worse of that; they have a basis of fact and possibility.

The tariff compiler does a necessary, difficult work which comparatively few men can do. There is always a scarcity of tariff compilers. He gets a breadth of knowledge and experience of the world and its ways, including its whims and caprices, which is unusual. He remains quite human, even to the extent of making occasional mistakes, and his children, when he has any, think as much of him as any other children think of their daddy, which is, perhaps, the best testimonial of all.

A NEW CANADIAN BOOK ON SPIRITUALISM.

A NEW book comes to my desk entitled "Truth From the Spirit World" (published by Rock, Limited, Westmount, Que., at 50c., post free; 72 pages). The joint authors are S. Norris Oughtred and Eric S. Bushell, of this city, and the book consists of a series of messages from persons on the "other side." Great figures like Drake and Nelson, Kitchener and Roberts, speak in the messages, which deal with a variety of subjects, as indicated by this list of chapter headings:

- "Glorious in Life, More Glorious in Death."
- "The Burial of the Unknown Soldier."
- "The True Story of the Angels at Mons."
- "The Young Man who Refused to Bear Christ's Cross."
- "The Spirits' Work with Reference to Murderers."
- "How an Early Christian Sacrificed his Life in the Amphitheatre at Rome."
- "A Tale of one of the Engagements in the Great War, by an Eye-Witness."
- "Communication between our World and Yours."
- "Life, Death, and Love."

"A Day from the Diary of one of our Doctors in the Great War."

Now, I know the authors to be quite sincere in their presentation of these messages from the spirit world; one, Mr. Bushell, I know personally. They believe every word they have written, and they are intelligent, capable business men. Mr. Bushell is an ex-officer of Canadian Artillery and was himself at Mons.

Still, I have to say that while the book interests me and causes me to be curious about the second volume which I understand will soon be issued, I am not convinced. I must add, of course, that neither does Conan Doyle nor Sir Oliver Lodge convince me. Nor did Myers or Podmore, the authorities on Spiritualism, whose works I examined years ago, convince me. Nor did any of the seances I used to attend, as newspaper reporter and curious young man combined, convince me.

I have often wondered, and the shadows of death have been close enough around me to inspire the wish for more light, but I have never been convinced, am not convinced, and, possibly, may never be convinced, though I continue open to conviction. Maybe there is something in myself which is the barrier to conviction, and I do not think for a moment that my own lack of conviction is any evidence that Spiritualism is not what Spiritualists say it is.

However, there the case stands so far as I am concerned. At the same time, I think that "Truth From the Spirit World," if properly marketed, will have a large sale, as there are many people groping and hoping for the raising of the veil from the unseen, and more willing than ever to consider the contentions of the Spiritualists.

DANCE OF THE MAPLE LEAVES

(To Bliss Carman)

By John Murray Gibbon.

We are the leaves that run
Red, so red, and ablaze
With the burning of the sun
So many summer days.

We are the leaves unknown
Save to the things that fly,
And now, loose and wind-blown,
Flame up before we die.

But ere we drift beneath
The silence of the snow,
We twine for you a wreath
Of glory as we go.

You led the caravan
Of poets on Grand Pre,
And taught the Pipes of Pan
In Canada to play.

In Fundy's tides you sought
The Children of the Sea,
And April Airs you caught
Under the maple tree.

Now at this Mountain Gate
Your Autumn Song we hear,
And crown you laureate,
Sweet-singing pioneer.

Among the Glories of the Canadian Rockies



Tourists on Ponies at Chateau Lake Louise

Moraine Lake and Valley of Ten Peaks, Banff

Chateau Lake Louise

Chateau Lake Louise and Victoria Glacier

Lakes in the Clouds, Lake Louise

Chateau Lake Louise

St. Matthew, 25th Chapter, beginning at 34th Verse :

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world :

*For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat :
I was thirsty and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger
and ye took me in :*

*Naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye
visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me.*

*Then shall the righteous answer him, saying,
Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred, and fed Thee,
or thirsty, and gave Thee drink ?*

*When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee
in, or naked, and clothed Thee ?*

*Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and
came unto Thee ?*

*And the King shall answer and say unto them,
Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it
unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have
done it unto me.*

Rain and Rainmakers

THE activities of so-called "rainmakers" in western Canada and elsewhere have received wide publicity. In an article in *The Times* (London), an account is given of the achievements of one of these; and in *Nature* (London) Dr. Harold Jeffreys comments on what he reads therein. Dr. Jeffreys notes that the method used is not described in detail. A tank filled with unspecified "chemicals" was exposed 25 feet above the ground, and it is claimed that this had the effect of producing eight inches of rain in three months at Medicine Hat, 22 miles away. The theory is that the apparatus draws clouds from other parts to the Medicine Hat district and causes them to precipitate their moisture there. Dr. Jeffreys goes on:

"No direct observations of the motions of clouds are mentioned in confirmation of this theory, though they should not have been difficult to obtain.

"The official rain-gage at Medicine Hat during May, June and July, the period of the contract, recorded 4.8 inches, which was 1.3 inches below the normal for the station for those months. Further comment on the success of the experiments is unnecessary.

"The financial side of the rainmaker's contract with the Agricultural Association of Medicine Hat is interesting, for the association was apparently prepared to pay him as if 8 inches of rain had fallen.

"Still more interesting is the fact that he was promised \$4,000 for 4 inches, and \$6,000 for 6 inches. Since the normal rainfall is 6.1 inches, the rainmaker would have been much more likely than not to make a substantial profit even if he had done nothing at all.

"It may be mentioned that at Calgary, Alberta, the rainfall was 3.0 inches below normal; at Edmonton it was 3.1 inches above; and at Qu'Appelle (Sask.), 300 miles to the east, it was 3.85 inches above normal.

"It is also stated that at Los Angeles, in the first four months of 1905, he guaranteed 18 inches of rain, and that his own rain-gage showed 29.49 inches. If this is correct the rainfall must have been extremely local, for the official rain-gage at Los Angeles in those months showed only 14.98 inches. Still, this was 4.4 inches above normal.

"At San Diego, however, which is 200 miles away, the excess was 4.6 inches, and it appears likely that the abnormality at both stations was due to more wide-spread causes than the rainmaker's chemicals.

"Attempts have on many previous occasions been made to produce rain by artificial means, but the results have been uniformly unsuccessful. The reason is not difficult to see. To make the water vapor in the air condense it is necessary to cool the air in some way to a temperature below the dew point. This may be done in two ways. One may cool the air directly, for instance by the evaporation of liquid carbon dioxide or liquid air. This certainly would produce a little condensation; the fatal objection to it is that it would be thousands of times cheaper to distil sea water. The other method is to raise the air. The pressure decreases with height, and to reduce the pressure on a particular mass of air is known to cool it. The difficulty is to raise it enough.

To produce an inch of rain over an area of 100 square miles requires the condensation of six million tons of vapor, and to achieve this some hundreds of millions of tons of air must be lifted up.

"The distance it must be raised depends on how nearly saturated it was originally, but it could not be less than a kilometer in ordinary fine weather conditions. We have no source of energy at our command great enough to achieve this.

"It is often suggested that rain may be produced by exploding shells or otherwise agitating the air. The action is compared with that of a trigger, a large amount of energy being released by a small effort.

"An essential feature is, however, overlooked. For a trigger to work, there must be a large supply of potential energy only awaiting release. Precipitation from partially saturated air would require an actual supply of new energy. Therefore a trigger action can not produce precipitation."

"You must have been walking carelessly," said the lady whose car had run down a man. "I'm very careful. I've been driving seven years." "Lady, that's nothing, I've been walking for fifty-four years."—*Erie Dispatch*.

"What kind of a fellow is Blinks?"

"Well, he is one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when there is a piano to be moved."—*Tit-Bits*.

There is no freedom on earth or in any star for those who deny freedom to others.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

G. H. Cottrell
Limited

...

**Storage
Warehouse**

...

Vancouver, B. C.

OUR VILLAGE REPORT

(The New Republic, New York.)

IF you live in a large city—New York for instance—it is readily noticeable that, what with Bolshevism and profiteering and the Ku Klux and the post-war psychosis, the world is speedily going all to smash. After all, though, this will not happen until Our Village notices it too. What has Our Village to report on the State of Things in General?

Soul of Punctilio.

Perhaps before you ask that question you had better be introduced; for while our manners are rustic, we are the very soul of punctilio. . . . Our Village, then, is on the coast of Maine. Broad ocean breaks on the rocks at its feet; a bright blue, boulder-strewn river flows past on one side (but it moves both ways with the tide and is salty to its source).

On the other side is a huge deep arm of the sea, sprinkled with islands and fringed with coves, bays, and here and there a gut (which as all true Norsemen know, is a small body of water with exits fore and aft.)

It is a bad coast for the mariner; even the children in Our Village must accumulate a great store of sea-knowledge. They must know how much water there is on the reef north of Angel Island at half-tide, and how to avoid the big black rock off Nigger Point which is never revealed except once or twice a year when sun and moon combine in a mighty effort to haul the waters off his glistening bulk. Also, how to watch the horizon when off shore, to turn and scud for home when the gray sou-easter comes roaring up.

Case of Learn or Drown.

With the children, as with all of us, it is a case of learn or drown, for the whole village goes afloat some part, at least, of every day. Our occupation is the sea. When our men are not fishing far out upon the banks, they are tending the inshore lobster pots. In the summer, of course, we take in boarders from the city, and despise them because they make loud noises when excited and become ill on boats in thick weather.

Though our men are so marine, they do not dress in sailorish toggerly. The saltiest old captain of us all, as he stands at the wheel of his sloop and shakes the spray from his eyebrows, wears the thoroughly nautical costume of a plain blue serge coat and trousers, a felt hat and white shirt and collar—unless he is fishing, when his shirt may be of black sateen.

The only time our men seem nautical is when they are ashore, driving their automobiles—for every village family has a Ford. There is an irresistible deep-water touch about these cars which is quite lacking in our boats. They are apt to be festooned with rope and when the hood is lifted you need never be surprised to see a useful bit of oakum here and there about the engine. Our men swing aboard with easy grace over the closed side-doors; there are no doors in a yawl.

Past Still in Flower.

If you were to "date" Our Village, 1880 would be about right. Preserved by the invigorating sea

breezes, here mid-Victorianism is still in full flower. Our furniture is of golden oak, full of curves. On our walls hang colored enlargements of the photographs of our families. We feel that there is no carpet like good Brussels, with plenty of pink and green and brown, and roses the size of mature cabbages.

Not long ago wires were strung in from Smith-ton Harbor, where the shipyards are, for electric light; but after all, there's comfort in a good kerosene lamp with a china shade, its brass work kept shining by those remorseless housekeepers, our wives. As for architecture—our cottages are square and white with little porches and handsome scroll work railings. Down by the stores there is quite a piece of sidewalk, but for the rest a deeply worn path is ample, with whitewashed stones on both sides where it turns in toward the porch.

Politics Taken for Granted.

Now that you know us, ask us anything you like. Would you care, for instance, to know about our politics?

By heredity we are, of course, Republicans. Our politics is like our religion; it is taken for granted, and it would be as improper to start an argument in the back of the general store after supper about the grand old party as to question the virgin birth. Specifically, however, we like this man Harding. He seems sort of friendly, and we guess he wants to do the right thing. True, he plays this high-falutin' golf; but we understand that his doctor makes him.

It's probably just as well that America didn't go into that League of Nations. At the time we were inclined to think it was a good thing, but now all the men at Washington seem to be sort of against it, and they likely know best. These foreigners are a tricky lot.

The Handicraft Stage.

About Prohibition? Well, Prohibition is probably a good thing. Maine has had it for half a century and it hasn't hurt Maine none. There is some bootlegging, of course; always has been a little. But the boys of the village grow up without seeing a saloon, and there is no wife who needs to look forward with terror to a husband reeling home every Saturday night.

Another problem which hardly exists for Our Village is the Labor Question. In part, this is because our men work for themselves, or son works for father. In Our Village, industry is still in the handicraft stage. Every man's effort is directly productive day by day. If he is building a boat, as nearly all of us do in the winter, there it is, you see; so many planks laid over the ribs since Friday. The lobster potman brings home his catch of twenty or two hundred after each circuit of his pots. Under such conditions, enormous quantities of work can be accomplished without fatigue. To be sure, a few of us are shiftless, lazy; but Our Village regards these as pathological cases. There's somethin' wrong with a man that don't like to work. We read about

these labor unions and strikes in the Portland papers, and though we all work with our hands, our sympathies as a whole are with the employer.

Not Much H. C. of L.

The high cost of living has not meant so much to us as to the city dweller, since we take a great part of our sustenance from the sea. Lobsters may still be caught on the old terms. The village has a few vegetable gardens, and we sell the produce to our neighbors pretty much at pre-war prices. The things which we sell to the outside markets, however, bring far greater sums than before. Some families have been pinched a little by the post-war problem, but there has been no real suffering.

As for the war itself, it is as though it had never been. The village did its part; it sent its sons, and one of them died of influenza at Camp Devens, and is the village hero now. We were in the war with all our might, but with one exception it has left no slightest mark upon our souls. The exception is that we still believe that the Germans are a malignant subhuman race; we believe in all the atrocities, but we are no longer excited about them.

The problem of reckless wild youth, of the cocktail flapper and the automobile boy, does not exist for us. Our growing girls wear their hair down their backs and help ma with the supper dishes as of yore.

Scandal Now and Then.

To be sure, once a decade or so there is a horrid scandal among the adolescents; but no more frequent, nor worse, than they have been any time this past hundred and fifty years. We are not complacent, not even cynical about these scandals. Our Village is still firm in the grip of the dying Puritan tradition. Our elders are eternally unreconciled to the weakness of the flesh which leads full-blooded youth astray. Each new disclosure of Sin comes with as great a shock as though it were the first in centuries.

For the most part, of course, we inhibit our impulses toward wrong. Even the young do so. A psycho-analyst would find as much pleasure in seeking to smooth out our cramped and knotted souls as a laundress in ironing a basketful of crumpled garments. Everywhere among us you find the bright, self-conscious eye of New England, the face which is an alert, defensive mask (and therefore so often makes its possessor seem more intelligent than he is.)

Brave and Unique Things.

This Puritanism does not prevent us from doing brave and unique things when circumstance falls that way. In fact, once our emotions have flowed out along the line of non-conformity and hardened there, we are as immovable as macadam. In a village not far from ours there is an old man who is a woodcarver. Many years ago, he happened to carve a life-sized butterfly, paper-thin wings and all, painted in its natural colors. For some obscure psychological reason, since then butterflies have been his metier. He carves nothing else; hundreds of them; thousands of them, and sells them to the squawking female summer visitors for a few cents.

Somewhat further away there is an island off the coast which does not recognize the sovereignty of the United States. In local tradition the reason goes back to the Civil War and the drafts of '63. After

years of parley the inhabitants were persuaded not long ago to pay a school tax and have a teacher from the mainland. But the school tax is too heavy, they say, and the islanders are chaffing to be free even from that light bond of loyalty.

A stranger landing on that shore to-morrow would stand a chance of rough handling, under suspicion of being a representative of the obnoxious government. Yet these magnificent rebels are good Methodists and Baptists, Anglo-Saxons and sober fishermen. Rebellion is simply the form in which their Puritanism happened to come out on them.

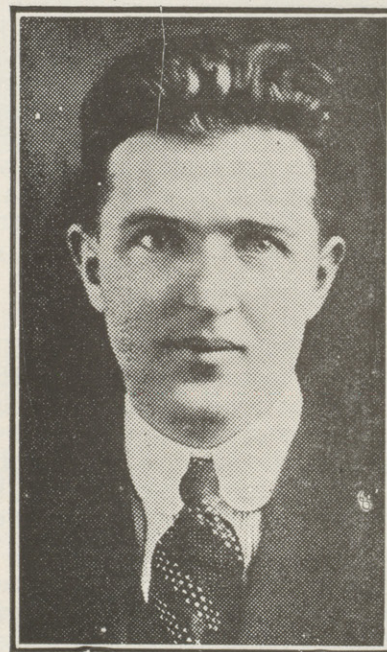
Of Undiluted Blood.

As Anglo-Saxons the islanders are no novelty on the Maine coast. There is not a person in Our Village who does not claim to come of the undiluted breed of the British Isles. If we can judge by faces and names, there are no south European nor Jews

(Continued on next page.)

QUOTATIONS FROM "IRISH AND CANADIAN POEMS."

By Michael A. Hargadon.



M. A. Hargadon.

The following is a verse from a poem on Lake Louise:

This lake is God's best picture; that is why
He hung it on the mountains at the sky
And set it in so beautiful a frame;
Art galleries of heaven have none the same,
And in the clouds the angels oft appear
To be inspired by this creation here.

Here is a stanza descriptive of springtime in Ireland:

A wavy lake of freshest green
Drowns all the sombre of the leas,
Pale cowslip fingers on the hills
Give fragrance to each passing breeze,
The pearly hammers of the showers
Beat velvet leaves out on the trees.

in the village. Only northern stock seems to thrive on these cold and rugged shores. The community is consanguineous in two senses: by race and by intermarriage. Three or four families control the village, and the ramifications of their cousinship are astonishing.

Nearly everybody has married into, or out of, the McPhersons, and the first group is as loyal to the clan as the second.

Once we got a new school teacher in, a stranger, practically a foreigner, since he came all the way from Smithton Harbor. In his first week he had the unparalleled audacity to spank a McPherson child. At once discovered that the town was a nest of outraged relatives. They raised a quiet New England uproar, and at the end of the term he was glad to flee for his life, to a community less closely inbred.

Easy Financial Ways.

Perhaps because we are of one blood, we view our monetary relations with a cheerful serenity which astonishes the visitor, and most of all if he be from New York, where every man's hand is against your purse. Captain Robertson will bring you over from the railroad in his Ford and charge you two dollars for a twenty mile trip; but he won't ask you for the money as you alight. You must remember it yourself and press it upon him. Otherwise he will let the matter drop for a week or a month. He takes it for granted that you are honest and wish to pay. Anyone who has been in town as much as forty-eight hours can get credit at the village store; defalcations occur almost never.

Not Notably Religious.

The remarkable honesty of Our Village is the more interesting because, so far as the outward eye can see, at least, we are not notably religious. There is a church and services are held on Sunday. Most of the time the service is so arranged as to be a sort of greatest common divisor of the varieties of Protestantism, though sometimes we import a minister of one of the specific faiths.

The old churchgoing zeal of our Puritan ancestors has quite departed. It is pleasant to put on clean clothes on Sunday and have a place to go and hear Miss Petrie play the organ and the Gummel girls sing "Come Heavenly Love." But the real religious mania is entirely lacking. Our forefathers would say that the services are disgracefully short and the pews disgracefully comfortable. The Bible is still read in some of the cottages, but with a certain furtiveness, as though we had been told it was no longer quite the right thing.

Fearful Church Feuds.

Perhaps the only aspect of our religious life which remains with its old-time color undimmed, is the playing of church politics. From time to time the village is rent in twain by a fearful feud over church affairs. It may be McPherson against the field, or, most terrible of all, McPherson vs. McPherson. When one of these cataclysms is at its height, our minister is hard put to it to frame his discourse so that it shall not be interpreted as an allegorical taking sides. Since his sermons must always be, as it were, composite photographs of

many creeds and therefore slightly blurred about the edges, the poor man knows the pangs of authorship in an aggravated form.

Ninety Per Cent. Living.

I have said that Our Village "dates" at 1880; but in one respect this is not true. We have become modern as regards a matter which may perhaps be explained with due delicacy by illustrating its obverse. The village postmaster and his wife have been married ten years; and have scandalized Our Village by producing ten children, of whom (as the statisticians would say) ninety per cent. are living. With the rest of us, two or at the most three children are regarded as sufficient; and for that matter, the couple who are surrounded by this rising tide of progeny feel the same way about it. The difference is that they have been somehow unable to orientate themselves in the New Sophistication. When you note that forty years ago eight or nine children were the rule, and that with us, the economic value of the child has hardly depreciated, you can discern progress here, and can roughly determine its rate, as a train traveller estimates velocity, by the rapidity with which the postmaster's offspring whizz past.

Only Half-True Enough.

At this point I can well imagine an indignant reader — if any — rising to complain. The only usefulness of any study of the American scene, he might argue, is to help one to understand the American problem. These people in Maine are all very well, in their way; but they are out of the current of many real and vital things—things which the rest of America has to be concerned about, whether it will or not.

True enough; or rather, half-true enough. It is no secret that America consists of the cities and the country. In the cities, as I have already said, it is easy to see that the world is coming to an end forthwith. In the country, they do not believe that this is so; and that is a bond between the divergent types of culture in the East, the South and West. If you can understand the Americanism of Our Village, you can understand the Americanism of the country people of other places, even though their surface manifestations are so fascinatingly different. . . . I wonder (as O. Henry might have said) what they are thinking to-day in Emmetsburg and San Bernardino!—Bruce Bliven.

MUNICIPAL GROUP INSURANCE IN CALGARY.

On June 1, 1921, a system of group insurance became effective for municipal employees in the city of Calgary; about 700 employees are covered in the sick benefit fund and the same number in the life policy fund. Forty per cent. of the policy is paid by the city and 60 per cent. by the employee, a deduction of 50 cents per month being made from the employee's salary or wages. The policy is \$1,000 in case of death of an employee; and provision is made for payment, up to 10 weeks or 60 days, of 80 per cent. of the employee's present salary or wages in case of sickness or quarantine. "A maximum amount of \$100 is payable for each of the following: Hospital fees, operations, and medical fees."

A Successful Woman Farmer in British Columbia



(1) Lillooet country, showing Mrs. Foster's ranch in foreground. (2) Mrs. Foster, of Lillooet, B.C.

At Lillooet, about thirty miles west of Ashcroft and north of Lytton, right in the middle of the dry belt in British Columbia where irrigation is the magic wand that turns the desert into a fertile garden, there is a little 32-acre farm owned and solely managed by a woman.

It catches the eye by its appearance of orderly prosperity, its shady orchard, well-hoed gardens, the sleekness of the milk-cows grazing in the higher paddocks and the vivid green of its alfalfa fields stands out in strong relief against the vast brown barren slopes of the surrounding country, sun-baked, covered with sage-brush and little else.

Weary as she is with a life-time's work of fifty-three years behind her, Mrs. Foster still carries on — as faithfully and as thoroughly as she did twenty years ago. With the help of an Indian who comes in to do the ploughing and give a hand with the haying and harvesting, she and a niece, who sometimes stays with her, manage the whole work of the farm alone.

Mrs. Foster gets more out of her acreage than any other farmer in the province. Every inch of ground is turned to account on a methodical and scientific system; the vegetable and animal growth are made to react to each other's mutual benefit and both to the good of their owner and the country.

Her five milk-cows pasture on the farm and she sells all her dairy pro-

duce to an hotel; besides these there are a couple of work-horses, pigs and chickens. Every scrap of feed used for the stock is produced on the ranch itself.

Mrs. Foster has worked down to a fine point just exactly how much space it is necessary to devote to alfalfa, grain and hay in order to do this and nothing is bought in the way of feed except perhaps clam-shell for the chickens. The crop and the animals balance each other and no overweight is allowed on either side.

This farmer is also a first class gardener, both in theory and in practice, and has sweet corn earlier and over a longer period than anyone else in British Columbia. She devotes about a quarter of an acre of well adapted land to her early spring garden and another piece with a colder aspect to her late summer planting; so by a carefully planned system of sowing in succession she has a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables to sell to the hotels and also to ship to other points.

Lillooet is never troubled by late frosts so her tomatoes are early and these she sells by the bucketful and last year shipped 100 boxes to the coast. The orchard contains every sort of tree-fruit, including Italian prunes, peaches and apricots, of which latter Mrs. Foster has two big trees (now in bearing) grown from seed sown since she came to the place nine years ago. Last year she ship-



ped away 700 boxes of fall and winter apples.

There are some healthy looking hedges of grape vines which bear profusely and plenty of raspberries and other small fruits, but her speciality is melons for which she is famous. There are rows and rows of these, canteloupes, musk and water melons for all of which she finds a ready market. Her four beehives are partly the reason why her fruit is so successful.

And so we take off our hats to this woman who is "carrying on" so wisely and so well to our country's benefit.—H. G.-W.

Cameos Of Canadian Life-



Pleasantries
between
voyageur
and
village
maid.



Artillery
officer
of
British
forces.



Efforts
at
friendliness
towards
the
Red Man.

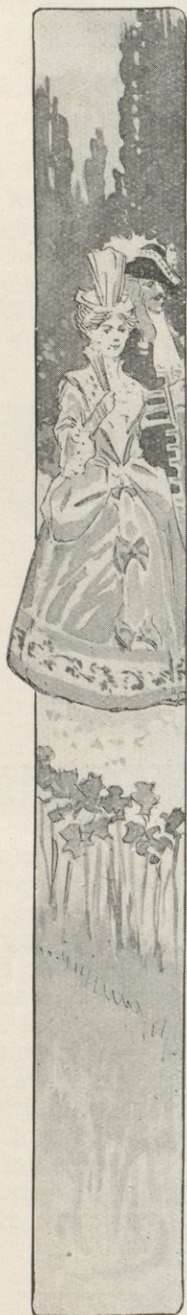


Under
the
Union
Jack;
a
British
General.



Strenuous
work
on the
portages.

-Three Hundred Years Ago



Man and
maid in
the old,
old
story.



The
stalwart
bearer
of
the
Fleur-de-lis.



A
Governor
under
the
French
regime.



A
hunterman
provides
the
evening
meal.



Pikeman
on
guard
at
Quebec
ramparts.

Christmas and New Year Near Heart of Nature

THERE is an increasing desire among many city people to escape, during the Christmas and New Year holidays, from the cares of housekeeping and of life in the large centres and seek the hospitality and good cheer to be found at the resort hotels open at this season of the year. The Grand Trunk Railway System is meeting this desire in keeping open its famous hotel in the Algonquin Park of Ontario, the Highland Inn. This hotel is situated near Algonquin Park Station, and is easily accessible, being only about two hundred miles north of Toronto. It is in the centre of a great reserve of more than two thousand square miles—a region which comprises more than fifteen hundred lakes and streams, and is largely wooded with fragrant pines.

Comforts and Sport.

Here will be found all the comforts associated with first-class service—warm, cheery, public and private rooms, excellent cuisine, and the companionship of guests who have a common aim—to enjoy the healthful sport that this great unspoiled wilder-

ness affords. The region provides a holiday ground that is in accord with the ideas of medical science. Two thousand feet above the level of the sea, it has invigorating climatic conditions. The daily progress of the mercury for three months of the year from 10 or 15 above to 20 or 30 below is as regular as the swing of a pendulum, and, no matter how cold it is, the man with a sweater never suffers discomfort. Days spent in snowshoeing through primitive forests where every leaf and bough bears its weight of glistening crystal, in the breathless flight of the toboggan or ski, and in the ring of steel against the icy covering of some lake, together with evenings spent in social converse in the cosy warmth of an



A Merry Load Trying Out a Twin Toboggan.

old-fashioned log fire—these slip away unnoticed; but those who have once experienced them return to their avocations with renewed energies, with hardened muscles, and a grateful memory of the Park.

The Snow-shoe Tramp.

The attractions which Algonquin Park affords during the winter months are many and varied. The day may start with a snow-shoe tramp. Men and women, garbed in sweaters and wool caps and stocking-filled moccasins, dig their toes into the thongs of the snowshoes with a vim and merriment that had never been connected with winter even in their most imaginative moments. For three hours and more they will tramp steadily along over distances that would have frightened them before leaving the cities. The call of lunch is eagerly attended to, not with unwearied muscles and surging blood.

After lunch and a short rest, there is the toboggan slide or the ice cleared on the lake to tempt

them. But at night, with the moonlight that is found alone in the north, the trails across the lakes and around the islands beckon irresistibly. The dead silence, the undimmed glamor of the moon, the crisp crunch of the snow under the "raquette," the tingle of the frost in the veins, the merry shouts of the line before and behind, are delights to be dreamt of long after the holiday is over.

Trails Lead to Lakes.

The bush trails on snow-shoes are a real joy. Apart from the ideal conditions under foot, there are the glories of snow-laden evergreens, of chattering squirrels visiting their winter store, of the cleanest whiteness that nature knows, of the purest ozone, of bounding circulation, of unnumbered lakes and rivers, of deer, beaver, and fox suddenly encountered, to their terror. The trail is always there the winter through, and new trails are tempting at every break in the bush. Every trail leads to a lake, and the veriest novice on snow-shoes labors under no disadvantage. Ten minutes of the tramp bares fingers and ears that could not endure fifty degrees warmer before coming to the Park. Unexperienced pleasures heap themselves on the visitor at every breath and turn.

Toboggan and Ski.

A fine toboggan slide, with a grade of nearly 500 feet and a total run of about a quarter of a mile, constructed close to the hotel, offers ample accommodation to devotees of that exhilarating sport. A number of roads wind their way through the woods and will be found attractive to the skier, while, for those more venturesome experts, a splendid jump has been arranged within five minutes' walk of the hotel grounds. A large skating rink is also adjacent to the hotel. For the convenience of its guests an outfitting store is maintained by the management of the Highland Inn, where all the requisites of winter sports can be either purchased or rented on reasonable terms. There are a number of shelter huts throughout the woods, and the manager will make arrangements for organizing snow-shoe tramps, with lunch in the forest.

SOMEWHAT IN ERROR.

"There is a madman proposing to light London with—what do you suppose?—why, with smoke!"

That's what Sir Walter Scott wrote to a friend when it was first planned to light London with gas. Napoleon said it was "a great folly."

One hundred years ago people were afraid of gas and thought it to be the work of the devil. Later when Westminster Bridge was lighted with gas, people thought the pipes were filled with fire and watched the spectacle dumbfounded. When a lighting system was installed in the House of Commons the members of Parliament, fearful of being burned, would not touch the pipes with ungloved hands.

Mr. R. H. FISH, General Superintendent, Eastern Lines, Grand Trunk Railway System, is one of the most popular of railway operating officials making their headquarters at Montreal. He received his early training in the motive power department of the road, was appointed Superintendent of the Stratford Division of the Grand Trunk in 1916, and General Superintendent of Eastern Lines in March, 1920.



CANADA'S NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION SERVICE.

THE total railway mileage in operation in Canada is about 39,000, or about one mile per 230 inhabitants. Per capita Canada has mileage larger than any other country in the world. Of the total mileage 22,354 miles are operated by the Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways, making it the largest railway system in the world. The system serves all the capitals of the nine provinces and Ottawa, the Federal capital, and reaches all the industrial centres in the Dominion. It also reaches all the big sea-ports in Canada, namely, Halifax, the Sydneys, Charlottetown, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert. The Canadian National Railways by acquiring the Grand Trunk Railway System also serves many of the most important traffic producing centres of the United States, including Chicago, Detroit and Portland, Me.

The consolidated National System has an army of employees numbering 90,000, more than 3,000 locomotives, about the same number of passenger cars, and freight cars to the number of 120,000. It is estimated the tonnage to be carried annually will be in excess of 50,000,000 tons, and that approximately 22,500,000 passengers will travel over the lines in a twelve-month.

There is also operated under the direction of the National Railways System the ocean-going fleet of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, which will comprise sixty-six vessels with a total tonnage of 393,000 tons. Fifty-five of these steamers are already in operation, and with advantageous traffic arrangements with other companies are, carrying Canadian merchandise to all parts of the world.

Trade routes so far established, and on which regular sailings are maintained, are: From Atlantic ports to Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Cardiff, Swansea, Barbados, Trinidad, Demerara, Nassau, Kingston (Jamaica), Belize, B.H., Havana, Bahia, Pernambuco, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Charlottetown, St. John's (Newfoundland), British India (via Suez Canal), calling at Karachi, Bombay, Rangoon, Colombo, Madras, Batavia, Surabaya and Singapore. Tri-weekly passenger, freight and mail service to the Bahamas, Jamaica and British Honduras is maintained. Assigned to this service are the SS. "Canadian Fisher" and "Canadian Forester," each of which has accommodation from Atlantic ports, via Panama Canal; and a freight service to Australia and New Zealand.

From Pacific ports the Government Merchant Marine is operating a service to Australia and New Zealand. In addition a service is in operation from Vancouver to India and the Far East, and joint service to principal ports in Japan, China, and the Philippines under arrangement with the Blue Funnel Line.

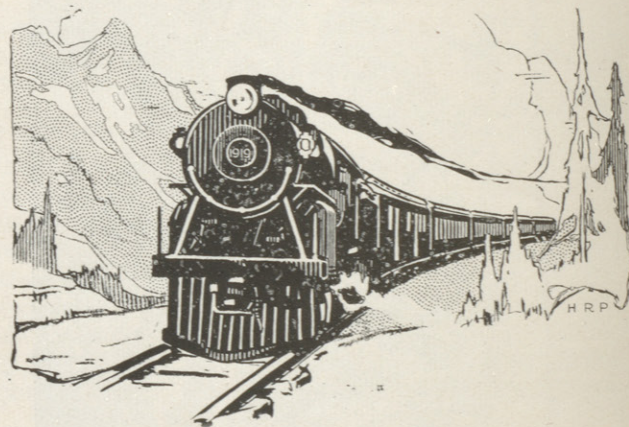
WIN SEVEN OF TEN PRIZES.

IN the Mechanical Drawing Competition, held at the Canadian National Exhibition apprentices of the Grand Trunk Railway System carried off seven of the ten prizes offered, taking first and second place in each of the following competitions: Electrical, Structural, Hydraulic and Pneumatic drawings.

The Grand Trunk apprentices carrying off prizes

were: W. Grandison, E. Taylor, K. Murray and H. Bailey, of the Stratford Shops; W. Minton, of the Montreal Shops; P. Gooch, Toronto Shops and R. Harvey, London Car Shops. Since the inception of the Mechanical Drawing Competitions at the Exhibition, the apprentices of the Grand Trunk have set a remarkably high record, which has been well maintained this year.

It may not be generally known that the Grand Trunk Railway has been the pioneer in the modern development of apprenticeship training. There are more than eight hundred apprentices in the Motive Power and Car Shops of the Grand Trunk, and Vice-President W. D. Robb, who inaugurated the apprenticeship system on the railway, takes the keenest interest in maintaining the highest possible standard of instruction. This is carried out under a Supervisor of Apprentices. At shops where fifty or more apprentices are employed, there is a permanent class instructor and at smaller shops, and at roundhouses, the instruction is given weekly by a travelling instructor. In addition there is an apprentice examiner, who examines all the apprentices at periodical intervals. The boys are moved from one machine or class of work to another, as their skill develops, and the instruction received in the shops is supplemented by class-room instruction in mechanical drawing, sketching, mathematics, practical mechanics and blueprint reading. Evidence of the results obtained is found in the fact that the Grand Trunk has seldom been obliged to go outside of its own shops to fill the highest positions in its mechanical departments, while a large number of responsible positions in other railways are filled by men who obtained their early training in the Grand Trunk shops and apprenticeship classes.



IN THE LAURENTIANS.

Sing me a song of the serious crew
Who are lords of the mountain line—
Of the guide with the sharp, clear eye
And the firm, cool hand;
Of his mate who builds the steam;
And the man whose snap of the cord
Is law of the mountain line.

Sing me a song of the trip in the night
And the jangling mass of steel
Swaying the curves and leaping the steep,
In a plunge of a thousand feet,
With a thousand tons,
And a thousand souls to keep
—Kennedy Crone.

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SKI-ING USED TO BE CONSIDERED A SPORT FOR MEN ONLY, BUT NOW THE WOMEN HAVE THE SKIS AS WELL AS THE VOTE.

REORGANIZATION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS.

THE reorganization and the regulation of the British railways after the expiration on August 14, 1921, of the period of Government control is provided for in the Railways Act which received Royal assent on August 19.

The act provides for the amalgamation and rearrangement of the existing railway companies into six groups and the establishment of a tribunal to deal with the question of railway charges. This tribunal consists of three members—an experienced lawyer to act as chairman, and two members having experience, one in commercial affairs, and the other in railway business. The Minister of Transport has authority when it is considered necessary in any particular case to add two other members, one from a "railway panel" and one from a "general panel" of 36 persons, 22 of whom are nominated by the president of the Board of Trade to represent business interests, 12 by the Minister of Labor after consultation with bodies representing the interests of labor and the passengers on railways, and 2 by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries to represent agricultural interests.

The Central and National Wages Boards are to continue at least until January 1, 1924, during which time all questions relating to rates of pay, hours of work, etc., shall, in default of agreement, be referred to the Central Wages Board or, upon appeal, to the National Wages Board.

The act also provides for the constitution of one or more councils for each of the railway companies consisting of officers of the railway companies and elected representatives of the workers. Each railway company may establish a similar conference for the police force of the company to which all questions of wages, hours, and conditions of service shall be referred which may be appealed to the central

conference composed of representatives of the conferences of the separate railways. In case of disagreement an independent chairman shall be appointed who has the power to give binding decisions.

The Irish railways are exempt from the provisions of the act except for the return of certain statistics.

Financial Signs.

The fact that his supposedly adored big brother was returning home from college that day had been carefully concealed from ten-year-old Tommy until he came back from school.

"Tommy," said his mother, after her younger son had gone up-stairs to wash his face and the elder had been concealed in the pantry, "I have a big surprise for you."

"I know what it is," replied Tommy unconcernedly. "Brother's back."

"Why, how did you guess that?"

"'Cause my bank won't rattle any more."—The American Legion Weekly.

A Drop Too Much.

"I think I'll drop in on the boys," said the miner as he fell down the shaft.—Froth.

The Belligerent "Blade."

The Toledo "Blade" proposes a Tell the Truth Week. What do they want to do—start another war?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unintentional Humor.

Beginner (after repeated failure) — "Funny game, golf."

Caddie. — "'Tain't meant to be." — Punch (London).

LUMBER INDUSTRY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. (Industrial Canada.)

JUDGED on the basis of stumpage and royalties, the lumber industry of British Columbia does not appear to have fallen off very much this year. In a return for the eight months ended September, Hon. T. D. Pattullo, provincial minister of lands, reports that stumpage on timber sales paid to the province amounted to \$192,700, which compares with \$163,800 in 1920. Royalties were \$495,600, against \$478,600. The reasons for the increase in royalties is given as better collections.

Scaling returns, on the other hand, are about 7½ per cent. less than last year and license fees are not as heavy but the fact that the decrease is so small in the face of general business depression speaks well for the soundness of the industry.

Destination of the lumber exports from British Columbia, which so far this year show a good increase over last year, is given by Hon. Mr. Pattullo, as follows:—

Exports of lumber from B.C. in feet, Australia, 7,370,889; China, 19,895,787; Egypt, 8,566,400; India, 6,516,085; Japan 24,773,947; New England, 4,942,992; South Africa, 2,571,615; South America, 33,095; South Sea Islands, 252,922; Strait Settlements, 689,070; United Kingdom and Continent, 11,824,958; Atlantic coast, 3,768,263; Hawaiian Islands, 1,009,480; Philippine Islands, 1,517,087; California, 1,287,449; San Francisco, 1,644,957; San Pedro, 4,995,260. Total Jan. 1 to August 31, 1921, 101,604,256.

The six months total from January 1 to June 30, 1921, was 80,660,952 feet, against a six months total from January 1 to June 30, 1920, of 55,346,494 feet. Since the organization of the Associated Timber Exporters, as a result of organization work initiated by Hon. Mr. Pattullo, lumber exports from British Columbia mills to foreign countries have taken a big jump, according to Mr. J. O. Cameron, head of the Cameron Lumber Company, Limited, and president of the B. C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association. Mr. Cameron gives these figures for foreign shipments, exclusive of United States.

1910, 73,218,000 feet; 1911, 49,964,000 feet; 1912, 51,512,000 feet; 1913, 47,381,000 feet; 1914, 33,191,000 feet; 1915, 56,701,000 feet; 1916, 45,676,000 feet; 1917, 44,011,000 feet; 1918, 93,000,000 feet; 1919, 100,000,000 feet; 1920, 146,624,000 feet; 1921, (first six months), 80,661,000 feet. The total sales to September 1, 1921, were 218,556,000 feet, and the total shipments to same date, 208,772,000 feet.

DEATH OF SENATOR NICHOLLS.

In the passing away of Hon. Frederic Nicholls, chairman of the board of the Canadian General Electric Company and director of several other financial and industrial corporations, Canada has lost a distinguished leader in the field of industry.

He served in the early days as secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

He retained at all times, as might well be expected, a concern for the welfare of the organization and, while never taking that close personal share in its work which would undoubtedly have carried him to the presidential chair, yet he was not found wanting when advice or assistance was required.

It was in the field of electrical development that Senator Nicholls made his most outstanding success and, when the history of electricity in Canada is written, it will be found that his name stands in the forefront of those pioneers to whom the Dominion owes so much. He had the vision which foresaw and the enterprise which carried out the wonderful development that has been achieved through the harnessing of our great water powers.

As a member of the Senate, Mr. Nicholls took a constructive part in the work of government. His speeches in the Upper Chamber were invariably informative and business-like. He brought to bear on the problems of the day, an intellect trained in business administration and made a real contribution to the subjects under debate. In all departments of activity in which he was engaged, his passing will mean a genuine loss.

Dad's Awful Fix.

A tiny maid, held up to hear her father's voice on the telephone, burst into tears. "What are you crying for?" asked her mother.

"Oh, mamma," sobbed the child, "however can we get dadda out of that little hole?" — Morning Post.

The Lesser Evil.

Following a recent earthquake in a region that shall be nameless, five-year-old Jimmy was sent by his fond parents to a distant uncle's home. Three days later they received this wire: "Am returning your boy. Send me the earthquake."

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Undivided Profits	-	-	-	\$1,501,646
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An Engineering Oddity in the West



QUINTETTE TUNNELS NEAR PENTICTON, B.C., ON LINE OF KETTLE VALLEY RAILWAY.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND BUSINESS.**By B. C. Forbes**

The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.

Excess is an arch enemy of success.

If top-notch effort yields you no happiness, there's something wrong either with you or your efforts. Sit down and do some analyzing.

After all, you've got to give full, fair value. Or you won't last.

Carelessness and failure are twins.

The most valuable "system" is a good nervous system.

Saving is having.

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with someone who hasn't.

Don't simply see how you can "put in the day," see how much you can put into the day.

Never contrive to make it easy for your concern to get along without you.

Make sure the prize you chase is worth the price. If you cultivate your talents you'll always find an opportunity to use them.

When in a fix, sweating will get you farther than swearing. Let mules do the kicking.

Honking your horn doesn't help so much as steering wisely.

Don't expect poor work now to lead to brilliant work hereafter.

You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.

It's all right to aspire to control others, but have you begun with Number One?

Notice that two-thirds of "Promotion" consists of "Motion."

There is a better market for smiles than frowns. The highest form of salesmanship is nothing but service.

The only influence worth having is the influence you yourself create.

The wages of idleness is demotion.

There is no higher rank than that of worker. No title can ever make a loafer a noble man.

There must be output before there can be income.

Defeat is often a spur to victory.

The best reward is sense of worthy achievement.

Good times for all can only be the product of good work by all.

One Thing Saved.

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocket-book—in short, everything."

"But I thought you carried a loaded revolver?"

"I do—but he didn't find that."—Copenhagen Klods Hans.

Changing the Basis.

"Mr. Smith," a man asked his tailor, "how is it you have not called on me for my account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why," replied the tailor, hesitating, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."—Harper's Magazine.

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The Golden Rule in Business

By Arthur Nash, in the Kiwanis Club Magazine.

Arthur Nash has attracted the industrial eyes of North America to his method of handling labor in his factories. The following is a story of doubled and redoubled income, even in hard times.

IN JUNE, 1916, the A. Nash Company was incorporated with an authorized capital of \$60,000. As the prime mover and principal investor I was elected president and general manager.

The company had just got nicely into operation when our country was forced into the World War, and both of my sons entered the service. I became disheartened and discouraged; there was but little development in our company during 1917 and 1918, but during those two years, like millions of others, I was doing much deep heart-searching and sincere thinking.

It was a revelation to me to find how much the Great Teacher, the founder of Christianity, as well as all the prophets, had stressed the gospel of social and economic righteousness.

Reached One Conclusion.

My study of these things did not end with the great war, but is still continuing. I have been able to reach only one conclusion, and that is that all our social and economic controversies, hatreds and strifes come about on account of non-application of the universal religion expressed in the Golden Rule.

I found that this great law had been stated in the negative form by Confucius seven hundred years before Christ; that about the same time it was stated in principle by Isaiah, and the prophets of old; and that the Nazarene had made it the climax of the Sermon on the Mount, following it by the declaration, "This is the law and the prophets."

These facts became clear to me about the time the armistice was signed and my boys were returned to me. With my associates in the company I decided, faint-heartedly at first, that we would give the Golden Rule a trial in our industry.

Changed His Opinions.

Previous to this time, like millions of others, I had regarded the Golden Rule as a beautiful expression of impracticable idealism; as something to be admired, but never attained. After we put this divine law into operation in our factory, I had a feeling that there was something sacred about our plant every time I entered it; now, I know this is true. I realize we have invoked the highest law of God's universe.

The Golden Rule is the divine law governing human relationships, accepted by all religions and proclaimed by all prophets and teachers of every creed. It is the only infallible, workable, industrial and economic law in the universe to-day.

Eliminated Troubles.

I do not say it has solved all labor troubles in our factory; nay, it has done more, it has eliminated all labor troubles during the most trying industrial period of the world's history. I do not say it has

driven out hatred, strife and selfishness; it has done more, it has ushered in love, contentment, co-operation and happiness; it has not only cast out hell, but has brought heaven to us.

I need not remind you that the year 1919, the initial year of what was then an experiment with us, will go down in history as the year of strikes, industrial upheavals and war. This was especially true in the clothing and textile industries. The clothing industry, which had been known as the sweat shop of underpaid, underfed pauper labor, was the industry into which we had decided to introduce the Golden Rule. Do you wonder that we were faint-hearted at first?

Period of Stagnation.

You also remember that during 1919 there were not only strikes, destruction of property and murders in the clothing industry, but the one complaint of the entire industry was no production. You also remember that clothing mounted to unheard of prices.

The year 1920 was ushered in with the same conditions in control, but conditions soon changed, and there was a period of stagnation in the textile and clothing business; it was a period of non-buying, cancellation of orders, some factories running part time, others closing down entirely, and still others being forced into the hands of receivers, together with frantic price cutting and efforts to unload among retailers from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Taking a Bird's-eye View.

Let us get this picture of general conditions in the clothing industry before our minds: 1919 and early 1920, strikes, small production and exorbitant prices; the last three months, small business, orders canceled, factories closed down and unheard of price-cutting among merchants. Holding that picture in our minds, let us take a bird's-eye view of a factory where the Golden Rule, God's economic law, holds sway.

During the year of strikes the A. Nash Company had no strikes.

During the year of non-production the A. Nash Company increased their production more than 1,000 per cent.

During the year of high prices the A. Nash Co. manufactured to order suits and overcoats to retail at from \$16.50 to \$29.00.

\$81,000 More Business.

Now, note what happened when stagnation hit the industry. During the first six months of 1920 the A. Nash Company did \$81,000 more business than it did the entire year of 1919, and during the month of June, 1920, it did a business equal to the entire year of 1918. July and August are supposed to be the dull season in the wholesale tailoring business. During July of this year the business of the A. Nash Company was only \$12,000 below their biggest month, notwithstanding the fact that they gave

Seeking Permits to Leave City of Moscow

MOSCOW'S BUSINESS CORNER



—By courtesy C.P.R.
 Corner of one of the Moscow railway stations waiting for the ticket office to open so that they may obtain Government tickets, which will permit them to leave the city. Note the Canadian Pacific Railway sign in the window

the entire factory a week's vacation. During the month of August they received individual orders for 6,125 suits and overcoats.

The A. Nash Company was not, during 1920, able to get out its orders on time. Our faithful help had not had a vacation since 1918. The early part of 1920 we promised them two weeks in July. We were forced to cut this to one week, and we have not yet caught up with what we fell behind during that week.

No, Kiwanians, this is not a miracle except in the sense that acting in harmony with God's law always produces miracles. Every one of you will know, when I tell you what we did, that there could have been no other result.

Poorest Paid Industry.

When I discovered that God had given as infallible a law governing human relationships as the law of gravitation and decided to make conditions favorable for that law's operation, I began to study conditions in our industry. I discovered that at that time, and practically all times since Eve sewed the fig leaves together, the textile and clothing industry was the poorest paid industry in the world.

When I made this discovery I called my help together about the end of 1918 and told them of these conditions. I told them we expected to make

the Golden Rule the governing law of our industry, and that together we would lift ourselves out of that condition. I told them then frankly that it would be my policy when any of them appeared before me, which they were at liberty to do at any time, to ask myself the question, if I were in their place and they were in mine, what would I want them to do. I asked them to let the same rule govern them in their actions.

Loan of \$50,000.

We at that time occupied a half floor in what is known as the Power Building in Cincinnati, a building largely occupied by clothing manufacturers. From the day that we decided on this policy both our production and volume of business began to increase.

One block from us was located a large whiskey and distilling company occupying a building of six stories and a basement. On account of conditions that you will all understand, they were anxious to dispose of this lease and give possession July 1, 1919.

We went to our bankers and gave them an outline of our condition, and of the opportunity we had to get this building, estimating that it would necessitate a loan of \$50,000 to make the move and equip the new building to take care of our business. The bankers agreed to give us this credit and we took on the new proposition.

Support of Unionists.

At the time we made this deal the big strike of clothing workers of Cincinnati which had national publicity was going on. As there were many other clothing factories in the same building with us, the entire building was surrounded by pickets during this period. The first week of the strike our help was literally forced to fight its way through the picket lines; after the first week, for some reason unexplained to us, our help was practically unmolested and even treated with courtesy by the pickets, and I wish to add here that while our factory is not unionized we have the support and confidence of all of the Union people of Cincinnati.

The first of July, 1919, we moved into our new quarters, which contained about seven times the floor space that we had occupied in the Power Building. The strike in the market had not yet been officially declared off. We called our little group of help together and talked over with them the condition of hate and strife in the market, and told them that we had borrowed \$50,000 to make this move, had done so on account of our confidence in them, and that on account of conditions in the market we did not want to run general advertisements for help to fill our new factory. We asked the help to bring in their friends and train them to do the same work that they were doing, and in increasing our working force 600 per cent. and our production more than 1,000 per cent. we never ran a single advertisement.

Left to Management.

When we first called our people together and talked over the condition in the industry and proclaimed the Golden Rule as our governing law, we had a picture of a profit-sharing system of paying wages, which we submitted to that little group. Their confidence in the management was such that they said they did not want that system, as they would rather have their pay each week, and were willing to leave it to the management to figure out what they could pay in a weekly wage. During the increase of production and on account of the wonderful loyalty shown by our help we made several increases in wages during 1919. None of these increases were made on account of Union demands, or in concert with the market, but each one was based on a certain increase in production which had been previously announced to our help.

When we took our inventory at the end of 1919, we found that in spite of these increases in wages and the enormous expense of moving and setting up our entire plant, we had made a net profit of \$42,000 on an investment of \$60,000. The actual condition at that time was that we were paying bigger wages, selling our product for less money and making a greater profit than any of our associates in business.

Another Wages Increase.

As soon as our inventory was completed and the figures verified, we immediately went before our help with these figures. We felt greatly chagrined, because it is our belief that this is an unjustifiable profit to make off the labor of others; we frankly told our help so; that this statement must go to the government and a large share of this money be paid in income and excess profit tax, and we immediately put into effect another increase in wages in our factory. This increase ranged from ten to twenty per cent.

Now, consider this fact; at the end of February we again went into our cost for manufacturing for the months of January and February and found it had not cost us quite as much per suit to manufacture during those two months with this new increase in effect as it had during November and December, before we put it into effect.

We immediately called our help together again. This time we told them that when we had presented the profit-sharing proposition, there was only a little handful of them, and it was possible for us to figure approximately what each one was producing each week, but that since our working force had increased to more than four hundred, and we were producing a little better than a suit of clothes every two minutes, it was not possible for us to tell with any degree of accuracy what each one was producing per week. We again laid before them the profit-sharing basis of arriving at a just wage, and told them that we knew of no other way to solve the problem. This time they voted unanimously to adopt this system.

Altered the Plan.

By the plan presented to them the profits were to be divided among the help on the basis of salaries earned, twice each year. I did not know, nor had I thought of any other basis of division, and I think probably no other basis had occurred to the employees when they accepted this one. But when they got back out into the workrooms, the Golden Rule began to work in their minds. Imagine my feelings when a few days later the following petition was laid on my desk:

"Realizing that the A. Nash Company is using every effort to be truly just and democratic; and realizing that in making the final adjustment of wages on the profit-sharing basis a very large share of this final payment as at present intended, would go to those making big wages; and heartily agreeing with the management that it is not just that the lion's share of the profits should go to any individual, or small group of individuals, we, the undersigned, all of whom are drawing a weekly wage of over sixty dollars (\$60), do hereby petition the management of the A. Nash Company to distribute the workers' share of profits, which is to be distributed July 1, 1920, on the basis of time worked instead of on the basis of wages drawn.

"This will give those making the smaller wage an equal dividend with those making the larger one, and we believe is not only needed by them, but is just and in keeping with the policy of our Company. We are sure this will be appreciated by all the help.

"L. J. Rusland, Harry Ense, Frank J. Garrety, L. A. Baumann, Clifford Redmond, John L. Burg, Samuel Friedman, Frank Prinzbach, Louis Frank, Edward Reichert, H. Brauerman, M. Viner, Edmund T. Clayton, Gus W. Comello, M. Engst, R. A. Carson, Bertha A. Fisher."

A Christian Way.

I have said there was no miracle wrought; it seems to me that I might qualify, if not contradict, that statement and say that miracles are always wrought where divine laws are invoked. Whenever a group of people sincerely try to do by each other

as they would be done by, they soon discover that they love each other and begin working for each other's interest in every way.

When this petition was laid before me I immediately called up a preacher who had been greatly interested in our work and asked him to come over and read it. I will never forget the look on his face when he finished reading that petition and said, "Mr. Nash, there is more Christianity in that petition than in all the sermons preached in Cincinnati." I said, "Yea, and there is more joy and satisfaction in that petition than in all the dividends being declared in Cincinnati."

Duly Rewarded.

Let me impress on your minds just what that petition meant in our factory. The skilled labor, like the cutters and the off-pressers who were making from \$75 to \$90 per week, signed a petition that the poorest paid help should receive the same dividend that they did. In our place we have some old ladies who are past the age of learning to run machines, or doing skilled operations, whom we keep so as to help them feel that they have a degree of independence in life. Besides these there are the beginners who on account of their lack of experience are not drawing large wages. If the dividend had been made as originally intended the high-paid help would have got six or seven times as much as these old ladies and the new help who really needed it. When the dividend was made in accordance with this petition every one who put in the full six months received \$91.80 as his share of the dividend, or a little over \$3.50 for each week's work. If you could have seen the faces of the old ladies and beginners when they received this amount, perhaps more money than some of them had ever had in their life, you would have known that the high-paid help were duly rewarded for their Christian act.

Applied to Customers.

Now let us study for a moment the question of the increasing volume of business during this period of stagnation and price cutting. When we decided to make the Golden Rule our governing law, it was impressed upon every mind that doing to others as we would be done by did not simply mean employer and employee, but meant each customer on our books as well; it meant that every garment we sold must be of a standard that we would be willing to accept, and sold at a price that we would be willing to pay if we were in the customer's place; it meant that our help saw behind each order a fellow human being whom they wanted to deal with as they would want to be dealt with. It was an honest effort at applying the Golden Rule that fixed our prices during the 1919 orgy of high prices and profiteering.

The long suffering public was conscious of these facts, and while others were losing the confidence of the public we were gaining their confidence, so that when the time came that the public went on a non-buying strike we were no more affected by that strike than we were when the laborers went on a strike, because, in applying the Golden Rule, dealing justly with the public, we had won their confidence in the same way we had won the confidence of our employees.

Nineteen hundred years ago, before a mighty concourse of people assembled on the picturesque mountainside, the Man of Galilee, proclaiming the Beatitudes, giving a new vision of the Universal

Fatherhood of God, teaching us to pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven," climaxed it all with, "Therefore"—note this connecting word: it harks back to all he has said; because of the blessings of the Beatitudes, because of the new vision of the Universal Fatherhood of God, which gives us faith and courage to pray for the kingdom of heaven on earth—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

The Whole Leavened.

To-day in a clothing factory in the beautiful city of Cincinnati, around their machines and work tables, is assembled another group of people. Into this organization has been put the leaven of God's infallible, unalterable, economic law, and the whole has been leavened. It is a spot where heaven has come to earth; they have sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and accepted His promise that "all these things shall be added." That promise has been abundantly fulfilled.

This group would not, and shall not, hide their light under a bushel, but shall be like a city that is set on a hill, and shall let their light so shine before men that they shall see their good works and glorify their Father which is in heaven. They are proclaiming anew the Galilean's mountainside message; they shout it in word and act, and it is taken up and echoed by every prophet of God, and gathers force and volume as it rolls on, circling this old globe.

Question of Unionism.

The message still is, "Therefore" because of the blessings of the Beatitudes, because we now know God to be our Father, because we now know heaven on earth to be possible, because all labor troubles are eliminated, because panics vanish, because credit problems are solved, because "all these things shall be added"—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

Question: What effect will the system of profit-sharing have upon Trade Unionists, and what is your attitude toward unionism?

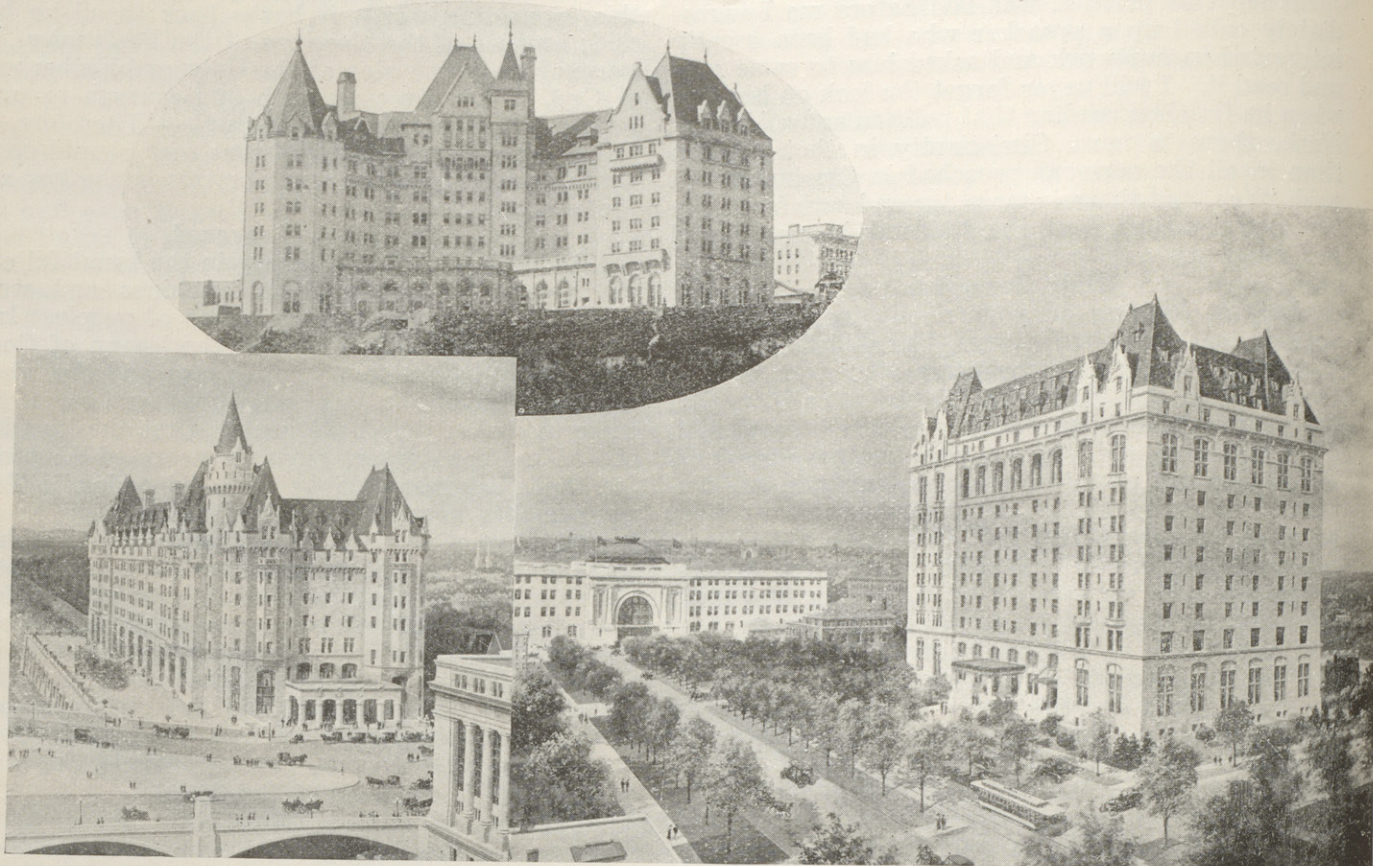
I would say first, so that no one can get a wrong impression, that I am not advocating profit-sharing as a solution of the capital and labor question, much less as the solution. I would further emphasize this statement by saying that I mean this in cases where profit-sharing is adopted on account of an earnest desire to find a just wage base, and I want to condemn with all the force at my command the system of profit-sharing that has for its motive the erection of a barrier against Trade Unionism.

Trouble With the Heart.

Labor Unions seem to me to be physicians of industrial ills. Their mission seems to be, when they find an industrial body that is sick to try to cure it of its ailments. I think even the most autocratic of our industries will admit that in many cases the circulation is bad in their industries. The little members of their industrial bodies are not receiving a sufficient flow of life's blood to keep them in a healthy condition.

Money seems to be the circulating medium that industrial and financial health is dependent upon, and whenever it does not properly circulate to the extremities of the body, the little members—fingers, toes and ears—they become cold, lifeless and unre-

Fine Hotels Built by Grand Trunk System



TOP: MACDONALD HOTEL, EDMONTON. LEFT: THE FORT GARRY HOTEL AND UNION STATION, WINNIPEG. RIGHT: THE CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA.

sponsive to the desires of the head, and the head having an excess flow of blood becomes congested and incapable of proper thinking, and very often the head goes about complaining that the feet are sick, the hands are cold, and the ears ache, and many other ailments. The fact is, the only thing that is wrong is that there is not a proper circulation of good, healthy blood. The trouble is not with the feet or hands; the trouble is with the heart action.

Labor Unions and their leaders, seeing this condition, set themselves to work to get a more general distribution of the life fluid, to see that a proper proportion of blood reaches these little members.

Now if a man should ask me my attitude toward physicians, I should immediately answer him, "Keep healthy and the question of physicians will not worry you," and I can only give the same answer to those that are anxious to know my attitude toward Trade Unionism. I can only say to the sick industries—where the extremities of their bodies, the laborers out in the factory, the little members, are cold and unresponsive to the wishes of the head, and where the head is so congested that it can not think properly, and does not realize that the wrong is not with the cold feet at all, but the wrong is with the head and heart of the body—get up a proper circulation of blood, get a proper proportion out to these little members, get them into a healthy and sympathetic condition and you will not be worried over Trade Unionism.

I can conceive of no worse condition of abject

servitude than for labor to be unorganized so long as the present avaricious organizations of capital continue. I would no more destroy or hinder the work of Trade Unionism under present industrial conditions than I would hinder or destroy the work of the physician.

You may say there are many radicals among the Trade Unionists who destroy rather than help industry; this is no argument, but only completes the illustration; there are also many quacks among physicians who destroy the body rather than bring back health, but this is no argument against either the work of the true physician, or the true Trade Unionist, but ultimate health in the body is not dependent upon the reconstruction work of the physician, it is dependent upon co-operation of all the members; ultimate health industrially is equally dependent upon co-operation of all industrial members.

Ultimate Solution.

The ultimate solution of the industrial problem lies in co-operation and co-ownership which can come about only by the establishment of the infallible humanitarian religion set forth in the Golden Rule.

Then the words of Paul shall be fulfilled: "For the body is not one member but many. There should be no division in the body, but the members should have the same care one for another." And, again, "By one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles"—whether we be Americans or aliens—"we have all been made to drink into one spirit."

Making a Target of the Audience

THE audience got the surprise of its life, doubtless, when the actor, instead of bowing to the eggs and vegetables coming his way, hurled them back at its own head. This is one unlooked for achievement of the Futurist Marinetti, who, acting on impulse, must have achieved a drama funnier than anything he put on the stage. Times have changed some from Sir Henry Irving's day, who was wont to bow low and acknowledge himself "the public's humble servant." Humility has never characterized Marinetti, and something of the nature of a new motive in the amenities of public assemblies seems to have been his latest achievement. According to dispatches from Rome in the London Times, Marinetti has been giving a "Surprise Theatre" in Rome at the Salone Margherita, a well-known music hall, and the prices were quintupled for the occasion. What went on shows how good an advertiser the Futurist can be:

"When Marinetti appeared, looking like a guardsman or a maitre d'hotel, he immediately began to advertise his own wares. The dancing hall he was starting in Rome was magnificent, his book on the war was the only one worth reading, and he and his company were unequaled. In the shouts that greeted him he was understood to be apologizing for wearing evening dress, which he wore out of respect for the cafe-concert, 'the only respectable thing in this life.' Then he retired, and the programme began.

"Cangiullo, the Futurist poet, appeared in an upper box and conducted an orchestra which was installed in a lower box on the other side of the hall, while a man with a cornet did his best in the gallery at the back of the building. The first surprise!

"The Teatro itself consisted of a series of little scenes, each lasting less than a minute. The scenery was Futurist, but of a period that we in England had thought was long since past; the make-up would have shamed a parish concert; and the scenes themselves have to be described to be appreciated at their real value. Few of them could be understood because the showers of beans, potatoes, tomatoes, and apples often drove the actors off the stage in the middle of a scene, but those that could be followed were not very inspiring. For example, a man comes on the stage and accuses his wife of having a lover. She denies it, but he insists, and at last she bursts into tears and cries out 'Tell me at least who it is.' Whereupon the husband points to his reflection in the mirror. This is one of the scenes.

"Again, we see a man in bed on the stage. The doctor comes in and pronounces life extinct. The widow by the bedside turns her back to the audience and shows a huge placard, 'To Let,' hanging from her shoulders. This is another of the scenes. The curtain goes up again and we see one man shoot his rival. The wounded man gasps 'Ah!' the doctor examines him and says 'Eh' in a hopeless voice, the wife weeps 'Th!', a priest says 'Oh!' in reproach to the murderer, and the neighbors shout 'Ugh!' at him—the five vowels of the alphabet.

"And again, we see a man approach a servant girl. 'Is your master in?' he asks, and the servant replies, 'No.' 'Good, I will come back later,' says the visitor, and goes off. The master then comes across the stage and a moment afterwards the visitor re-

turns. 'Is your master in?' he asks again, and the servant says 'Yes.' 'Good,' says the visitor, 'I will come back later, for I only want to see your master if he is neither in nor out.'

"Such are the scenes that go to the making of Marinetti's Teatro della Sorpresa. Small wonder that the audience grew so furious that towards the end the actors could hardly be persuaded to come on the stage at all. Marinetti himself, who fought well for Italy during the war, supported the bombardment almost without flinching, although he was hit on the head several times by apples and tomatoes, and his dress-shirt was spotted, with tomato juice, but the company was not quite so brave. When Futurist artists came on the stage carrying paintings they had achieved they used their masterpieces quite frankly as shields.

"At one time when the curtain was down a member of the audience dashed on to the stage to fill his pockets with ammunition that was lying there, but one of the younger Futurists saw him and pursued him, giving him a mighty kick as he jumped into the nearest box, and thereafter the audience was definitely hostile. A vase, several saucers, and five and ten centesimi pieces were hurled at the actors, and the leading lady received a severe blow over the eye from an unripe tomato. The occupants of the orchestra stalls suffered considerably from tomato juice and beans. And the performance came to a premature end when the actors themselves began to hurl vegetables and fruit back at the audience.

"After the theatre had closed Marinetti was badly handled by the mob in the street because he refused to return their money, and he had to be rescued by troops. He had certainly succeeded in arousing the crowd, but it is doubtful if anybody drew any profit from the performance except Marinetti himself, who obviously understands the art of advertising."

Helpmeats.

A very beautiful home wedding took place at the residence of Sol T. Ham and wife Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, when King Bone and Miss Mattie Ham were married.—Sharp County Ark. Record.

The Retort Crushing.

Traffic Cop—"Say you! Didn't you see me wave at you?"

Mirandy—"Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry were here he'd paste you one for it."—Sun Dodger.



SHOE MACHINERY

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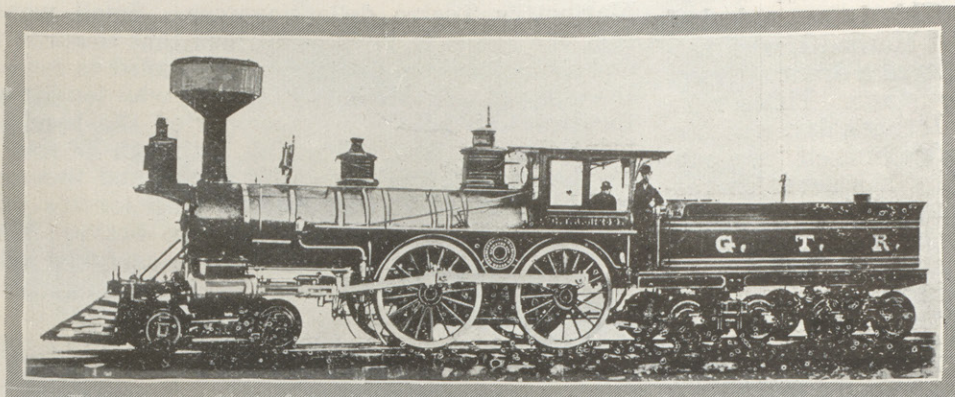
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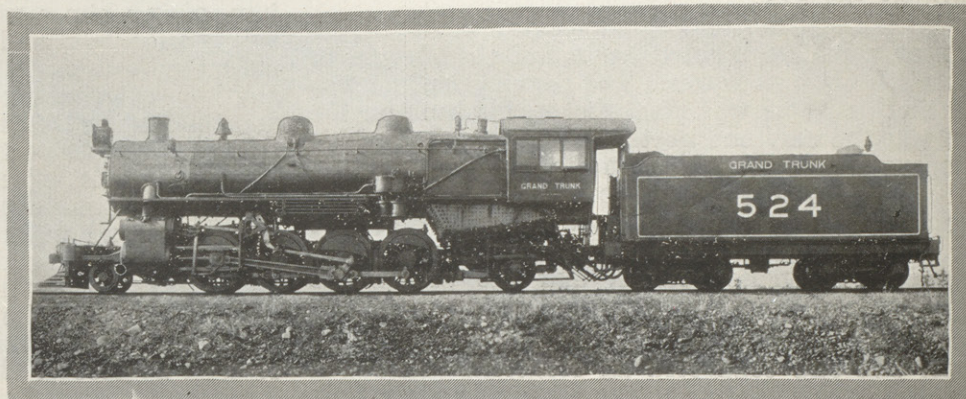
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WHEN LUMINOUS DIALS DON'T SHINE.

(Literary Digest).

FOR some years luminous watch-dials have been on the market, the luminosity being not produced by any salt of radium, as is commonly supposed, but usually by a salt of a more common metal. It has hitherto been supposed that all that was needed to cause the figures on these dials to become luminous was absolute darkness. However, this is contradicted by a curious observation made by a traveller in Europe. Having just bought a new watch with a luminous dial, he took it out in the first tunnel he came to. To his astonishment the dial remained entirely dark, and this was the case in all the other tunnels through which he passed. He determined to send it back as defective, as soon as he reached his journey's end.

However, when night fell, while the train was still above ground and the porter turned off the lights in the car, he was astonished to see the figures on the dial blaze brilliantly forth. This observation led to experiments with other watches having luminous dials, and it was found that at a distance of twenty feet under the surface of the earth all lost their radiance. Experiment has demonstrated that the humidity of the air in the tunnel is not responsible.

These facts appeared in Kosmos (Stuttgart) and roused great interest throughout Germany, many letters commenting upon it being received by the

editors. In the June number they acknowledge these and explain the probable reason, substantially, as follows:

"There is, as a matter of fact, no need of making an effort to explain the matter by forcibly twisting the laws of physics. Those of physiology offer a more logical explanation. When one goes from outdoors, that is from full daylight, into a perfectly dark room, from five to twenty minutes, according to the degree of the light-fatigue of the eye, must elapse before the eye becomes capable of perceiving faint impressions of light such as come, for example, from small cracks in the door or from 'phosphorescent' luminous substances. As we commonly say, the eye must become accustomed to the dark.

"If, however, one remains for a while in a room illuminated with ordinary artificial light before going into the room which is entirely dark, the sensitiveness of the eye to feeble impressions of light appears at once, or after a very short time. This is due to the immense difference of intensity between daylight and our sources of artificial light, and also to the fact that daylight contains very intense light of all wave lengths from violet to red.

"On this account the receiving eye is fatigued with respect to red and yellow after being in an artificially lighted room for some time, but only slightly to green and blue, which are the chief rays emitted by phosphorescent substances. Thus we see why the watch-dial failed to shine during the brief ride through the tunnel but was on the job at night."

One Hundred Years Ago

(From the Franklin Gazette of Oct. 13, 1821.)

Philadelphia, Lancaster and Pittsburg.

Mail Stage Office

Is removed to No. 41 North Third street, next door to the Harp and Eagle Tavern, kept by Wm. Elliott, where excellent accommodations are furnished to travellers.

Seats are taken at this office for the following routes:

The Mail Stage (Good Intent) leaves the office every day for the City of Pittsburg, via Lancaster, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Chambersburg, &c. Each trip made in 4½ days. Also—

Three times a week for Hagerstown or Chambersburg, via Lancaster, Columbia, York and Gettysburg, the trip performed in two days to either of the two first mentioned towns. From Hagerstown passengers can proceed on the National Road to Wheeling, and from Chambersburg to Pittsburg. Days of starting—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On the above days seats can also be had for Baltimore over a turn-pike road and excellent bridge over the Susquehanna at Columbia. Seats also via Harrisburg to Huntington, Bellefonte or Sunbury.

JOHN TOMLINSON & CO.

N.B.—From the city of Pittsburg passengers can proceed by stages to Wheeling (Va.) or Erie (Pa.).

Juvenile Edition Wanted.

"Mamma," said little Fred, "this catechism is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kittychism?"—Baptist Boys and Girls.

The Young Genius.

Mother—"Willie, how is it that no matter how quiet and peaceful things are, as soon as you appear on the scene trouble begins?"

Willie—"I guess it's just a gift, mother."—Life.

Everybody In.

"Auto for Every 5½ Persons in Los Angeles."—Headline, the New York Sun.

The ½ persons are pedestrians who have been run over at least once.—Detroit Motor News.

An Arizona Ultimatum.

Judge Perry yesterday assessed a Phoenix speeder ten dollars. Those birds must learn that it don't pay to come over here and burn the coating off our new pavements.—Tempe (Ariz.) News.

Forearmed.

The Secretary—"This speech may get you into trouble."

The Honorable—"Then you had better prepare a statement saying that I was misquoted by the newspapers."—The Christian Register (Boston.)

Long-Distance Shooting.

The new night-watchman at the observatory was watching some one using the big telescope. Just then a star fell. "Begorra," he said to himself, "that felly sure is a crack shot."—Toronto Goblin.

Alf: "'Ard working woman. your wife, Bill."

Bill: "She is that; wish I 'ad a couple more like 'er."—Passing Show.

The Road to Independence

Trouble comes to all of us at one time or another.

The man with a snug bank account, is fortified against the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

It is the duty of every man to lay aside something for the inevitable rainy day.

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Canada's Maple Sugar Industry

By E. L. Chicannot.

ONE learns in Canada to take the coming of spring phlegmatically and, in a philosophical spirit, be ready for anything. It is useless anticipating, speculating, or making preparation in advance on purely circumstantial evidence, for the season has a disconcerting way of springing the unexpected on one. Never are there two springs alike so that the experience that is born of long residence or old age does not aid one, and every succeeding year contains the same element of surprise.

In some years the arrival of the vernal season is accomplished in a calm, lingering, leisurely manner, the days growing a trifle warmer and perceptibly lengthening, the snow slowly disappearing in a tranquil, orderly way, disclosing each day more and larger patches of earth, a single songster appearing to swell by additions to a full orchestra, all the charms of springtime accentuated to a greater degree with the dawning of another morn.

Sometimes the transformation is effected in the course of a single night. One retires to bed in winter and rises in the sound of the water babbling in the creek, the chorus of birds miraculously appeared from nowhere, and to the sight of brown stretches already denuded of their covering of snow. This kind can seldom be trusted. It has a habit of suffering a serious relapse and after vouchsafing one a glimpse of the most glorious of seasons lapsing back into chill winter and hesitating in this manner for days or even weeks before slinking, in a style half ashamed, into an early summer.

Nature's children, however, cannot be deceived, and it is only when spring has really come to stay that tree and shrub feel the first stirrings of returning life. For the eastern Canadian province the first sure sign of the spring is the movement of the sap in the sugar maples and often when folk are still waiting hesitant, dubious as to the next whim of the season, and before winter's mantle has uncovered the ground, the rich sweet sap is rising from the roots through the trunk. The maple tree announces to the world that spring has really come and that winter will, in a few days, have removed the last traces of the thralldom he has exercised so many months over the land.

Then is heralded the maple sugar season, happiest and most romantic of the agricultural phases of Eastern Canada and especially of the quaint old Province of Quebec, the home of the sugar maple. Then are the little wooden taps and pails gotten out from the sheds where they have been hung a whole year and the work of tapping the trees put under way. "Sugaring off" on a Quebec farm, whilst it may be really a commercial undertaking for the farmer and one of his regular seasonal activities, always has a romantic interest and never loses from year to year in the excitement and revelry associated with it. It is the occasion of much holiday-making and fun. Parties of boys and girls go off to the woods to collect the syrup from the little pails and bring it in to the evaporators. Muffled up in furs and woollens, for the chill of winter has by no means

left the land, they assist in the processes of evaporating, drawing wood to keep the fires blazing beneath the huge caldrons and stirring the steaming sap as it gradually thickens. When evaporation is complete they take the hot thick syrup and pour it into moulds made in the snow where it cools in all manner of fantastic shapes, and is eaten. It is great fun "sugaring off," and takes its place in the festivities of rural Quebec with the hay ride and barn dance and the old, old customs which form part of the celebration of many saints' days.

The maple sugar industry is almost wholly a peculiarly Canadian activity, as suggestive of the Dominion as the insignia of the beaver or maple leaf. So limited in fact is the area in which maple sugar is produced in Canada and the United States that there are large sections of people in foreign countries who have never known this delicacy and the armies of this continent, to whom supplies of the dainty were sent, were instrumental in introducing it to many European countries during the war, and created a demand for the dainty, the extent of which it is difficult to meet.

Considered apart from a commercial aspect, the making of maple sugar probably constituted Canada's first industry, being older even than the exploitation of the valuable fur-bearers for their pelts.

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Before the coming of the white man the Indians had learned to extract and concentrate the sap of the tree and highly prized the product as their only "sweetening." Though their methods were crude, being nothing less than slashing a tree with a tomahawk, they taught the first white settlers the luscious qualities of the sap of the tree, who followed their primitive methods and used their crude vessels in the beginning. The axe first supplanted the tomahawk; wooden troughs took the place of the chip which formed a spout to catch the sap; and iron kettles the earthenware receptacles in which the rough evaporating was done.

The maple sugar industry of Canada is confined to the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Quebec is by far the heaviest producer and is pre-eminently the maple sugar area of the continent. Only small amounts are produced in the other Canadian provinces and the pursuit is not entered into commercially, whereas in Quebec the making of maple sugar is year by year becoming more commercialized, better and more economic methods introduced, and production increased. The provincial government recognizes it as an important industry and has framed legislation for its encouragement and protection.

The maple generally flourishes on rough or stoney ground not adapted to tillage, so that the farmer engaging in the pursuit is making the most economical use of his holdings. The average farms in the centre of the maple sugar making industry contains from six hundred to one thousand trees. Some have as many as four thousand trees whilst every house has about it some few trees for shelter which are tapped in the spring, for every family takes advantage of its possession of maples and whilst having no view of commercial profit will put up its little store of the luscious dainty for winter parties and festivities.

About sixteen quarts of sap will make a pound of sugar, and the average yield of sugar is from two to three pounds per tree. The trees are tapped generally in March or April, depending on weather conditions, a frost at night with a rising temperature of from 40 to 50 degrees being the ideal climatic conditions for perfect running. The sap as it comes from the tree is a very dilute solution of from 95 to 98 per cent. water, about 3 per cent. sugar, and small quantities of mineral constituents. The making of maple sugar consists primarily in getting rid of the surplus water, which is done by evaporation.

The evaporator as in use on modern Quebec farms to-day is the result of years of experience and much experimentation. Whilst there are many makes they are all similar in principle. It consists of a heavily tinned pan, strongly made, set on an arch which usually has a regular stone front with large doors for firing. The pans have corrugated bottoms and are partitioned off to give a zig-zag course to the sap. The sap enters at one corner usually at the front, and by a zig-zag course flows from eighty to one hundred feet before reaching the outlet at the other end. The sap thickens as it flows and has to remain in the last compartment only a brief time before it has reached the consistency of syrup. From here it is drawn off at frequent intervals.

For reducing syrup to sugar an additional evaporator is necessary. This is a simple pan, about

two feet wide, by three to six feet long and about one foot deep. This pan sits over an arch or fire box and is carefully watched until the syrup has reached the proper consistency to crystallize.

There are valuable by-products in the manufacturing processes of maple sugar or syrup which are too often wasted, being only extracted by the more modern, scientific makers. These are maple vinegar and sugar sand. It has been estimated that from the product of one thousand tapped trees twenty-five to thirty gallons of very fine vinegar can be made from materials usually thrown away. Sugar sand, known also as nitre, is also a product of considerable worth, and is extracted from a sediment left in the evaporation of the liquid. This is valuable in producing the best acid constituent for baking powders and malic acid, a chemical of importance.

The introduction of new and modern methods of manufacture at the hands of enterprising manufacturers was followed by government measure calculated to promote the industry and increase production. There is an act of parliament which makes it an offence to offer for sale under the name "maple" any food which is not the pure product of the maple tree. A laboratory and inspectors, provided by the government, are at the service of manufacturers for the examination and inspection of maple products, and it is now practically impossible to export foodstuffs in this line which do not come up to the legal requirements! Records show that from 1913 to 1919 one hundred and twenty-seven actions were taken against fraudulent manufacturers.

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WINNIPEG - CANADA

In 1914 the provincial Department of Agriculture of Quebec established a school in the heart of the sugar making districts to teach the most efficient methods of reducing the sap to sugar and syrup and the demonstrations given were so successful and so well attended that others were established until there are now five schools teaching young Quebec farmers how to make the most of their maple tree. To these schools must be attributed, to a certain degree, the marvellous method in which Quebec has increased her manufacture of maple sugar since the outbreak of the war. Another reason for the surprising increase is the larger demand from overseas, which has swelled the country's exports.

The growth, decline, and then resumption of the maple sugar industry in Quebec forms an interesting record, Quebec accounts for about seventy per cent. of the entire Dominion output, there being about sixty thousand farmers engaged in the production. From 1851 to 1861 the average yearly production was about 13,500,000 pounds. From 1861 to 1871 about 17,500,000 pounds; from 1871 to 1881 about 19,000,000 pounds, and from 1881 to 1891 about 22,500,000 pounds. During the next decade the production fell to little less than 20,000,000 pounds and it is only of recent years that government encouragement and the introduction of modern methods have brought about an increase in production. In the past three years there has been a threefold increase and the production now amounts to about 30,000,000 annually, valued at about \$7,000,000.

The making of maple sugar may now be said to be on a firm basis as an important manufacturing

industry in the Province of Quebec. In addition to the schools established, the provincial government maintains inspectors who devote their time to visiting the maple sugar farms and assisting the farmers in every way with their expert advice. A great many demonstrations are held every year at which thousands of people from the rural districts attend. That there is a future in the province for the industry is evident from the fact that in the single year from 1920 to 1921 exports of maple sugar increased from 4,005,124 pounds, valued at \$1,121,959, to 7,999,233 pounds valued at \$1,962,258, and of maple syrup from 9,279 gallons valued at \$20,669, to 11,254 gallons valued at \$31,367. And despite this increase in production and export it is estimated that not one-half of the available sugar maple trees in Quebec are made productive. At the average price of 29 cents per pound for sugar and \$2.44 per gallon for syrup, a woodlot of maples should be an important item of farm revenue especially as the season devoted to sugar making is very small and comes usually before other farming operations are possible.

Real Advantage.

One of the fine things about owning a motor car in the city is that it enables a person to drive out into the country on Sundays and other days and buy vegetables and fruits from the farmers. And to pay just about as much as he pays in town.—Detroit Motor News.

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HEAD OF GREAT EXPRESS COMPANY.

MR. JOHN PULLEN, who has recently been appointed President of the Canadian National Express Company (the amalgamation of the Canadian Express Company and the National Express Company), has had wide experience as a railway and express officer. He began his career in the



MR. JOHN PULLEN

transportation field as an office boy with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Sherbrooke in 1877. He became Secretary to the Traffic Manager of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway at Chicago in 1881, Agent of the West Shore Fast Freight Line (operated by the Grand Trunk System) in 1889, Division Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk at Stratford, Ont., in 1896 and Division Freight Agent at Hamilton in the following year. After experience as General Freight Agent of the Central Vermont Railway he was appointed General Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, with headquarters at Montreal, in 1900, and was promoted to be Assistant Freight Traffic Manager of the road in 1905. Mr. Pullen was appointed President of the Canadian Express Company in 1911, a position which he held until the present consolidation of the Express Companies operations.

Mr. Pullen has been Chairman of the Express Traffic Association of Canada since 1916.

JOHN McCLARY DIED, AGED 93.

Farm Lad Founded and Built Up Noted Stove Industry.

John McClary, president and founder of the McClary Manufacturing Company, died at his home in

London on December 11, at three o'clock, after an illness of only one day. He would have celebrated his 93rd birthday on January 2nd.

Mr. McClary was at his office as usual on Friday, but on Saturday was taken seriously ill and succumbed in a few hours. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Theresa Gunn and Mrs. Gartshore, wife of Lieut.-Col. W. M. Gartshore, vice-president of the company.

In addition to his position at the head of the McClary Manufacturing Company, Mr. McClary was president of the Ontario Loan and Debenture Company, a past president of the London Life Insurance Company, and a director of the London and Western Trust Company. He was at one time a Justice of the Peace.

Born on a farm near Nilestown on January 2, 1829, the late Mr. McClary was the youngest of a family of eleven. His father, John McClary, was a descendant of a family of linen weavers which came to the United States from Ireland in the seventeenth century.

When 18 years old, Mr. McClary left the farm and came to London, where he learned tinsmithing. Later he started in business for himself in California but returned to London in 1851, forming a partnership with his brother Oliver.

They started in a house on part of the site now occupied by the McClary plant and gradually worked up a trade all over Ontario in ploughs and tinware. In 1854 the firm commenced the manufacture of stoves. In 1857 the business was incorporated and has steadily grown to its present proportions, it now being one of the largest stove industries in the British Empire.

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REASONS FOR OPTIMISM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

B. A. McKelvie, manager of the Made-in-B.C. campaign has issued a memorandum to the supporters of the movement, from which the following extract is taken. It urges optimism and enumerates several reasons for viewing the outlook with hopefulness.

"Facts do not warrant the belief that there will be greater unemployment during the forthcoming winter among the residents of British Columbia than last year. Despite this, however, there is prevalent a spirit of foreboding that is having the effect of bringing about that which all persons wish to avoid.

"Business men, having heard so much discussion of unemployment, soup kitchens, bread lines, etc., are displaying a tendency to tighten up their sales staffs and reduce their clerical workers, and will thus force into the ranks of the unemployed a class of worker that cannot undertake manual labor which will be offered as relief employment.

"The spread of this gospel of gloom will result in a dropping off of sales, with the consequent reduction of productive industry during the months of January, February and part of March, creating indeed a period of distress and unemployment.

"British Columbia to-day is in far better shape to meet the coming winter than a year ago. To-day lumber camps and mills are working; mining is being resumed on a larger scale, not only in the Slocan district, but in the Stewart and other up-coast districts; Vancouver Island collieries are working larger staffs full time, as against three and four days a week last year; new mines have been opened; a dozen new industries have been established in the manufacturing centres of the province; upwards of 4,000 homes have been built in Greater Vancouver this year; lumber shipments for the nine months of 1921 have exceeded the normal export shipment of other years; two new railway lines are to be constructed this winter; and so it goes on. There is every indication in fact that the forthcoming winter will be better than last, but citizens generally must be brought to a realization of this, or else pessimism will prevail to the detriment of all classes of the community."

His Great Regret.

New Office Boy—"A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

Editor—"What did you say to him?"

New Office Boy—"I told him I was sorry you weren't in."—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

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Interesting Features of Building Costs in England and Scotland

AT THE beginning of the year, when the British Government still intended to press forward with its housing program, the high cost of building working-class dwellings was a matter of serious concern, and in both England and Scotland committees were appointed to look into the situation and make recommendations for its improvement. These committees reported at just about the time the Government announced the relinquishment of its housing programme. The reports, therefore, have but little bearing upon the present situation, but their discussion of the causes of the high costs and several of their recommendations are of more than passing interest.

The English report points out that the present conditions were in course of preparation even before the war broke out, since building was largely neglected except in specially favorable localities.

"The speculative house builder always carefully selected his sphere of operations and only launched out where trade was good and rents high, usually on the outskirts of prosperous resorts or industrial towns. In agricultural districts where rents were small, or in districts depending on uncertain trade, such as mining areas, house building was neglected except by the large landlords and mining owners who built for their employees."

In other words, few houses were built except where there was an economic demand for them, so that there was an increasing shortage of houses even before 1914, and when, in the interests of public welfare the Government attempted to relieve this after the war had ended it found itself faced with the necessity of building houses for which there was a tremendous need but no economic demand, and that at a time when industry was unsettled, the supply of materials uncertain, and costs of every kind abnormally high. Inevitably the work was expensive, but both committees thought that certain elements of expense might be reduced. Costs are considered under three general headings—cost of material, profits of contractors, and cost of labor.

Both committees handle the question of costs of material with caution, but both are plainly suspicious that the rise in price had been greater, or at least longer maintained, than facts justified. The English committee finds no evidence of profiteering, but is not satisfied that current prices were reasonable. The Scottish committee is more outspoken:

"We cannot but attach importance to the extent to which 'rings' and combinations have eliminated competition in the supply of the most important building materials, such as bricks, cement, light castings, pipes, and fire-clay goods."

Both committees call attention to the fact that the form of contract in general use tended directly to keep casts up, since it contained a clause "providing the form of contract in general use tended directly to that the amount of the contract shall vary according to fluctuations in the costs of labor and materials during the execution of the contract." Of this the English report says:

"We are satisfied, however, that with the fluctuation-of-materials clause in post-war contracts there is a tendency to maintain the high prices of building materials.

"This condition was required by builders in all post-war contracts. The demand for the builders' services enabled them to obtain it, and the extraordinary fluctuation and uncertainties regarding supply and prices of material no doubt justified them in obtaining some such reasonable protection.

"The sapping of the energy, enterprise, and purchasing skill of the builder, and the weakening of his resistance to increasing prices which this system involves no doubt tend to increase cost of building.

"We think, too, that there is not the same keen incentive to the builder to exercise his business experience and acumen in obtaining materials in the very cheapest market or by the most economical means."

On the question of increased profits and overhead charges of contractors, both committees confess themselves baffled. They have not found evidence of undue profits, except in individual cases, but they are unwilling to express more than a very general opinion as to what the profits may be. The Scottish committee sums up the reasons for the failure to present definite conclusions:

"Our inability to do so is due (1) to the fact that final accounts have not yet been rendered for a single scheme; (2) to the fact that it does not appear to be the general practice except among the best equipped contractors to keep records of costs according to an accurate system that would enable us to obtain reliable data on which to base a con-

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clusion; and (3) to the unwillingness of the contractors to put any estimate on their prospective profits on housing work."

Labor as an element of cost is treated at considerable length by both committees. Neither seems to feel that wages rose beyond what the increased cost of living justified. The Scottish committee dismisses this aspect of the question rather briefly, saying that an agreement had been reached, effective May, 1921, under which an immediate reduction in hourly wages was accepted, and that thereafter they were to be adjusted in accordance with a sliding scale based on the cost of living. The English committee questions the advisability of some of the allowances made to the workers, and holds that the wages of unskilled labor in the building trades had been raised disproportionately to the wages of similar labor in other trades. Neither committee, however, considered wages so important as the diminution of output. The English committee sums up the causes for this diminution as follows:

"The main reasons for this decrease appear to be the following, viz:

"The scarcity conditions of labor.

"The great excess of demand over supply both in materials and labor in the building industry. The general demoralization caused through unusual methods of contracting during the war, e. g., the letting of enormous contracts upon the cost-plus-profit basis in some form or other, which precluded the necessity of the contractor so to organize, control, and direct as to secure the best possible output per man employed.

"The general dislocation of the machinery of building production due to the war.

"The general war weariness of operatives.

"The war losses of the youngest and most vigorous operatives and the general effects of war service of others."

Two means are suggested for making up this diminished output—an increase in the number of workers within the trade and a greater per capita production. It is recognized that there are difficulties in the way of increasing the number of skilled workers within the trade and a greater per capita the committee suggest that this must be a matter of slow adjustment carried on with the co-operation of the trades themselves. To increase the per capita output, the committee suggest two measures—the substitution of piece rates for time wages and the greater utilization of the workers' own capacity for organization and management. The adoption of the piece-rate system, it is recognized, would be attended with many difficulties, the greatest being the opposition of the workers, due to "unfair application of such system by short-sighted employers in the past." It should be a basic principle, it is contended, of any reintroduction of the piece-rate system "that the direct benefit of an improvement in output should go largely to the operative himself."

The second measure suggested for improving per capita outputs in line with the contentions of some of the most advanced labor leaders, being nothing more nor less than putting a share of the control and direction of labor into the hands of labor itself.

"The only way to cheapen cost is to increase production per head, by no means necessitating in-

(Continued on next page.)

PROHIBITION DOES NOT STOP DRINKING

Respect for Law Gradually Dying Out In United States Because of "Dry" Law, Prohibition Leader Admits

Just think: "Nearly two years of experiment have proved one point definitely: prohibition does not prohibit. The law in its present status is a failure. Its administration is a farce. Its practical showing is an example of law defiance and discriminatory class legislation."

This is one of the ways in which Samuel Hopkins Adams sums up prohibition in the United States in an article in Collier's, which because of its judicial summing up, and the fact that it is written by Mr. Adams, who may be called a father of prohibition in the United States, has created somewhat of a sensation.

Mr. Adams talks of the brief period when New York City developed spasms of police activity, when restaurants, private houses, blind tigers and the hip pocket of the casual wayfarer were raided with a disconcerting impartiality, with the result that the District Attorney's Office is buried in the accumulated mass of legal preparations. Suppose the raiding had continued, what would happen, asks the writer in Collier's. He answers the question:

"By this time the courts would be so choked that either the trials would have to be indefinitely postponed or the whole machinery of the law devoted to handling the single type of lawbreaking. Consider the paralytic effect of 100,000 Volstead arrests in Greater New York. Yet if the law were rigidly, impartially, and comprehensively enforced, that would be a ridiculously moderate estimate. Months ago it was reckoned that jurymen would have to be drawn at the rate of 18,000 per day to keep up with the rate of arrests then being made. A simple mathematical calculation will show that with anything like a comprehensive enforcement, every qualified citizen of New York, not under arrest, would be required for jury duty, and the other activities of the metropolis would simply stop. This sounds absurd. It is absurd.

"It is a very dangerous and wholly logical absurdity to which the situation might well be reduced in a community where public opinion is resolutely lawless. That juries would convict in such circumstances is unthinkable. As a matter of record they have not been convicting, even in the early cases. Out of the first four thousand arrests in Greater New York there were less than 500 indictments, and just six convictions, none of which was penalized by a prison term. Twelve good men and true in Brooklyn, when called to account by the court for acquitting a defendant in a liquor case, rose from the jury box and with a unanimity and in a spirit worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan, chorused their denunciation of the Volstead Act as an outrage upon personal liberty and an infringement of constitutional rights."

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creased or undue physical exertions. It is quite probable that a further share of the responsibility of direction by the operatives may effect this object.

"Since building labor leaders fully appreciate the need for the organizing skill, managerial ability, financial and other resources of the master builders, they conceive the idea of employing this skill, ability, and resources as a component part of the labor direction of the industry. To whatever lengths this may ultimately go, it seems to your committee that the first step should be the direction of labor by the representative labor associations or unions.

"The general suggestion—which labor appears agreeable to consider, and which the employers on the whole approve—is that labor might organize and govern the labor work in the respective trades so as to insure output on such terms as will stabilize and reduce prices to the community. Thus the builder would be better enabled to quote keener prices, as his risk and uncertainty would be reduced. Labor would have a share in the direction of the work, and would acquire a mutual interest in so reducing costs as to promote demand for their labor, and would have a direct incentive to see that the element of discontent and 'ca' canny did not enter into any local operations."

This is probably the most far-reaching suggestion contained in either report, but in addition the English committee makes another recommendation in connection with output which is in line, so far as building is concerned, with the programme for the prevention of unemployment which labor has been urging for some years past. Output, the committee argue, is best maintained when the industry is in a state of balance, free from either booms or depressions.

"On the one hand, in times of great prosperity some advantage is taken of the easy conditions existing and the economic advantages presented to slacken effort and reduce output. On the other hand, in times of depression there is a tendency—accruing from organized and unorganized sources—to restrict the output in order to insure the employment of the maximum number of men upon the limited available work and to prevent the individual from "working himself out of a job" too readily. In both cases the result is low output, and the obvious remedy is to preserve the balance."

If this argument is admitted, it becomes the part of wisdom, the committee hold, for the authorities, both central and local, to do all that is possible to bring about and maintain such a state of balance, and the steady demand for housing for the poorer classes affords an excellent means of doing this.

"Our recommendation is that the provision of workmen's houses—an essential work and one of great magnitude before all the slums are eradicated and the housing conditions of the people are satisfactory—be regarded as a pool or reservoir upon which to draw in threatened periods of depression in order that such desirable work may be used for the additional desirable purposes of maintaining employment and of securing the greatest efficiency and consequent economy by preventing the lowering of output of labor. This is a recommendation apart from any that may result from the consideration of different conditions of payment, methods of construction, and other possible expedients of that nature, each of which may have their advocates, but upon which there will not perhaps be the unanimity of opinion which applies to this simple and practicable recommendation."

WORK FOR WORK'S SAKE.

(Editorial in Canadian National Railways Magazine.)

THERE are, speaking generally, two groups of workers. In the one might be classed all those who work for money. The other includes the men who see somewhat beyond the pay envelope, and to the best interests of the institution with which they are employed. This generalization holds good in all lines of endeavor. And it is true because human nature has not altered much since the traditional exit of Noah and his family and all the other families from the ark. The only point of difference is that in some establishments there are more of one group and fewer of the other.

Railroading is one occupation where more of the workers, who see more than the money, put in the endless days. Midnight to midnight from New Year to New Year the key clacks and trains run; passengers are carried about the country on business and pleasure, and freights are transported to destination. Supervision of the personal sort cannot be local, everywhere, and men are everywhere busy with the business of the road. There is, accordingly, hardly an hour, or even a minute, when it is not "up to" someone to think quickly, and to good effect, if

the road's affairs are to run smoothly to the end of the run. The travelling and shipping public realizes this fact in an instinctive sort of way. They know, as they glide swiftly over the steel, be it fine weather, or the other kind, outside, that a splendid mechanism made up of the minds and bodies of many men, is engaged in the working of that particular unit of the Company's schedule. They know, also, that if any one of the many men should blunder, their particular moving car might come to grief. But, above and beyond that contingency, they feel they may sleep in confidence. They have faith that on that trip—as on all trips—the sterling qualities that make up Man are all functioning in their interests. If the emergency should arise they are convinced these qualities will get them through, in safety. Unconsciously it may be, but nevertheless is, that the public respects the railroader as a man working at a man's job.

Three in One.

The Gay Dog—"The woman I marry must have three qualifications: Property, Riches and Money."
—Der Brunner (Berlin).

It is men that are led that accomplish the impossible, not men that are driven.



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Canadianization in One School in Saskatchewan

(By an Anonymous Writer in "Social Welfare," Toronto).

I TOOK charge of the school where I am now working at the beginning of June, 1920. Without going into too much detail I will point out the situation as it was in June. About 90 per cent. of the ratepayers in the district (it was a rural one about 8 miles from the nearest town) were Ruthenian—the remaining 10 per cent. English-speaking.

Some of the Ruthenians knew no English and the great majority had only a slight acquaintance with the language. There had been considerable trouble in the district about the school, and as a result not a little bitter feelings existed between the Ruthenian and English-speaking sections. To assist in the arriving at an understanding of the kind of people with which we have had to deal I may be pardoned for pointing out one or two things.

The Ruthenians belong to the Eastern Slavs and most of them come from East Austria and S. E. Poland. They can be picked out usually by "the wide-set eyes, the marked cheek-bones, and noses broad and snub rather than chiselled and aquiline." Some of the younger women tend to the Mona Lisa type of beauty. As a people they are somewhat nationalistic in their outlook, and prefer the name Ukrainian. Unfortunately there is wide schism in their religion — some being Greek Orthodox and some Greek Catholic, and at the present time an active campaign is being waged on both sides — the one against the other.

These people come from a land where they have been to some extent—in some cases very much—oppressed and even in this country they still retain their hatred of the Pole.

There is a sad lack of schools in the country from which they come and the older people are usually uneducated.

In Balch's book on "Our Slavic Fellow-Citizens" it is pointed out how often the teacher in Galicia was at the mercy of the ignorance of the peasant parents. If a teacher complained of truancy he was boycotted—sometimes he was placated with little bribes of eggs, vegetables, etc.

Since their coming to Canada, however, the Ruthenians have shown their desire to adapt them-

selves to the new conditions and to the new standards of living, of competition, and of citizenship.

They have come to stay and are bringing up large families, and are unlike the type who came merely to earn enough to go back to the old land and live there — the type more common in the United States before the war than in Canada, leading the late President Roosevelt to speak of the United States as running a "polyglot boarding-house."

Not a little of the bitter feeling that existed between the New Canadian and English-speaking sections in this school district resulted from misunderstanding.

Stage of Development.

As you know the immigrant who is half Canadianized is often in a disagreeable phase. In their own country these people were not of the laboring class—but of the peasant class—and hence had a definite status. They were to some extent independent. To visitors, they still possess in their own country all the charm of an old-world people with an old-world setting.

The primitive or natural labors of spinner, weaver, craftsman or shepherd need no adornment, and when we read of these countries in books of travel most of us love the romance, the color and the superstition.

Education undoubtedly dries up the superstition and with it the poetry. Yet at the cost of what is picturesque—comfort, intelligence and morality increase. We see the New Canadian of this type at his worst — struggling with a new environment, and some seeing the struggle would tell us "he is not fit for freedom." He is in the hobbledehoy stage. There is the transitional awkwardness of self-consciousness and uneven development. There is a process of growth going on from the grace and simple unconsciousness of childhood—so to speak—from dependence, trustfulness and creative fancy—to the ugly period of shedding teeth and curls—with its self-assertion and helplessness, to rationality and ignorance.

(Continued on page 57)

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Mr. J. Tolbert Pepper, Druggist, Woodstock, Ont., writes: Pepper says: "Have sold Dr. Chase's Medicines for nearly forty years, and they have always given good satisfaction. The manufacturers are sound, reliable men who desire to give the people good medicines and good value for their money. I have known them for many years. Dr. Chase's Medicines have a steady, regular, consistent sale, due to persistent, intelligent advertising."

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Macartney's Drug Store, Stratford, Ont., writes: "The demand for Dr. Chase's Medicines is very steady and in considerable proportion. Our investigation clearly shows that Dr. Chase's Medicines are recognized by the Druggists and the people as staple sellers and reliable medicines."

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Mr. T. T. Beattie, Druggist, 462 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I always recommend Dr. Chase's Medicines with perfect confidence, as I receive continual evidence that they are splendid result-producers. In particular I have found Dr. Chase's Linseed & Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills very efficacious. They are among the very best staple sellers and the handling of these goods is highly satisfactory."

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Canadianization in One School in Saskatchewan

(Continued from page 55.)

You may imagine the difficulty of a ratepayers' meeting in such a community—an English section accustomed to the privilege of conducting their own affairs and these New Canadians eager to know and to take part—with something of the cocksureness of children in the way in which they exercise the right of franchise. Irritation and friction were almost inevitable, and yet such is the way in which Dr. Anderson and the Inspector handled the situation that in June last in spite of the presence of an agitator who would like to have stimulated the race antagonism—both sections determined to pull together. An English-speaking board was elected, and one of the three trustees was a lady who had been a teacher.

Last annual election this lady was re-elected by acclamation and with her a man who had refused office repeatedly because he felt he could not be a partner to the neglect and mismanagement that had been the net result of the old ill-feeling. There had been a total lack of interest in the school on the part of the quieter and more capable people of the community, and the school buildings and grounds reflected the atmosphere of carelessness. When I arrived here I found a dirty untidy school which was a frame building with eight windows of the usual rural type. The shack, for the use of the teacher, measured 10 feet by 12 feet, and was filthy. The outhousing was a disgrace and I have seen more sanitary conditions in front line trenches in France. There was no garden, and the two acres were badly overgrown with weeds.

Discouragement, disorganization and dirt were my first impressions. That was the environment in which 30 children were receiving education supposedly designed to fit them for Canadian citizenship.

The new board, with the support and advice of the Inspector and Dr. Anderson, set to work with a will and they succeeded in getting sanitary toilets, tidy grounds, and a clean school as well as a three-room teacherage. A new spirit has been infused into the work of the school and both sections are co-operating to make the school the centre of interest, and a vital force for good in the community.

This common interest I believe will do not a little towards race coalescence, for as a rule race antagonism springs from personalities, race coalescence from community of interest.

What are the ideals we have set before us? I take it that the great ends of all education are health, citizenship, occupation and leisure. The public school curriculum is designed to cover these ends, but I think it will perhaps prove interesting if I mention one or two of the special methods adopted to guide the children and help the older people along these lines.

Education

(a) Health—With regard to education for health, I was fortunate enough to be able to leave most of this in the hands of my wife, who is a trained nurse. She placed her services at the disposal of the district, and she has been kept busy. In the school she taught Hygiene, and made weekly inspections. By diagnosis on the spot we were able to check the spread of impetigo, measles and chicken-pox and corrective treatment of pediculosis, sore eyes, and minor complaints was recommended and carried out.

Mrs. — now gives it as her opinion that she knows of few elementary schools in London (where she had experience as a school nurse under the London County Council Public Health Department) where the nails, hair, ears, and teeth receive any more careful attention by the children than in our district. The response to a little coaching along that line has been exceedingly gratifying. Housing conditions and primitive methods of house-keeping tell against the health of the children, so that a great deal remains to be done. Owing to crop failure, the housing situation is not entirely the fault of the people. I know of houses that would compare favorably with English-speaking homes; and on the other hand I know of housing conditions that are worse than anything in the slums of New York, London or even Dublin. But "example is better than precept," and the influence of a good teacher's house undoubtedly will be for good.

Another feature of the work is the first aid to anyone injured. Frequently they come to us with their minor physical ailments and we get a chance to make friends. Such visits—sometimes necessarily daily visits—help us to understand one another.

(b) Citizenship—What are we doing to make Canadian citizens? It is agreed by most that an unintelligent democracy, is an unsafe democracy. If you teach a child just enough English to make him the pawn of the unscrupulous agitator or political charlatan you have endangered the safety of constitutional government. The war was supposedly fought to make the world safe for democracy. But what of the question of making democracy safe for the world? The non-English children should be given the chance of appreciating our methods of

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government and of social control. This they cannot do unless we have an educational system designed to allow the non-English child to rise to the higher grades before leaving school. Hitherto it has been unfortunate that many of these children have left school in the junior grades. There is, however, an improvement in this direction.

The lantern has proved very useful in the teaching of citizenship. The slides kindly loaned to us by Mr. Bates' Department gave the children an interest in other peoples and other lands, and developed a spirit of enquiry with regard to Canada and the Empire. Canadian and English papers were placed in the children's and parents' way, and we found the picture paper and pictorial supplements of the various papers exceedingly useful.

One kind Ruthenian neighbor returns this service by supplying me with cuttings from the Ruthenian papers and even sends me "The Farmer's Advocate" and "The Presbyterian Witness." In the school we played at balloting and elections and each week a captain of the boys and a captain of the girls were elected. These captains assisted greatly in the work of the school. For instance, the captain of the boys was responsible for the flag and for the conduct of the boys. The captain of the girls was responsible among other things for the tidiness of the school and the conduct of the girls. The qualities demanded in candidates included good manners, cleanliness, tidiness, sportsmanship, etc.

(c) Occupation—With regard to the occupational side of the school work, I think most teachers have found it is not difficult to arouse the interest of these children in the environment of their farm life. They work in the school garden with greater zest than

the average Canadian child, and they are observant. They like birds and flowers and will speedily copy in their own gardens anything they have seen in the school garden.

I remember that we planted a garden as late as the second week in June and had good results.

To some extent these children learn the essentials of their occupation at home, but there is room for improvement in method. If the school can turn out intelligent, wide-awake men and women they will learn quickly better methods of farming; and they will contribute to Canada a body of citizens, distinguished by qualities we sorely need—patience, industry and thrift.

Someone has said that "to hold the balance true between the material and human values of life is the oldest and newest economic problem." May I suggest it is also an educational problem?

(d) Leisure—Education should be cultural as well as vocational. Education for leisure surely must claim our attention if we are to turn out men and women with healthy interests. A man's way of spending his leisure is often indicative of his character and his possibilities. Virility is the stuff of which nations are made, and intelligence, manliness and a capacity for co-operation are the earmarks of the virility that "builds the house upon a rock." These essential qualities of nation-builders—intelligence, manliness and a capacity for co-operation I would suggest evidence themselves in leisure in these obvious ways—intelligence by a sense of humor—manliness by sportsmanship and a capacity for co-operation by a community of interest in the enjoyment of common pleasures.

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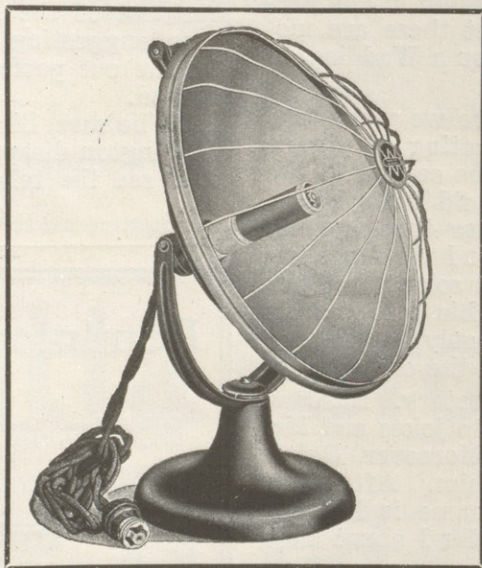
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The Pathetic Egoist

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In Miss Sinclair's latest novel we meet an egoist and come to know his joys and sorrows with a terrifying intimacy. Merciless she is in her exposure, yet there is the kindness of comprehension in the portrait she draws of "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" (Macmillan, \$2.50), and again the truth of the French adage that to know all is to pardon all becomes manifest. To be sure, we laugh at Mr. Waddington, as his wife and his friends laugh at him, but we pity him too, as they also pity.

Mr. Waddington has one passion; to be at all times the centre of interest, the most charming, intelligent, powerful personality in his world, forever young, forever to be desired, in a word, IT. Most of the time he is satisfied that he is all this, but at times, horrible times, he doubts. As Miss Sinclair explains, he hated to have you catch him in any gesture that was less than noble. Yet there are moments when no one can be noble, even a Waddington of Wyck. And then. . . .

We sense Mr. Waddington before we meet him. Miss Sinclair is past master at creating an atmosphere, and in a few swift strokes she sets us in the heart of the Waddington home. An old Tudor house, he refers to it as his "seat" rather than by any other term. His is an old family and the most important in Wyck, all of which is a solemn matter. The things that are not solemn are his wife and his wife's cousin, Ralph, and Barbara—only he does not realize this about Barbara till near the end.

Ralph was Mr. Waddington's secretary. Barbara is his secretary. Ralph was given to jokes and Mr. Waddington couldn't stand that. Moreover, Ralph tried to write Horatio's book for him. After you get to know Horatio—the whole name is Horatio Bysshe Waddington—you understand about that book.

Barbara has only just come to Lower Wyck Manor, and has not yet met the lord thereof. Mrs. Waddington was an old friend of her mother, but the girl had not met her till she arrived, after the mother's death, to be secretary to Horatio, and companion to Fanny—with the ultimate idea in Fanny's head of adopting the young thing. In the drawing-room, and Fanny, who is herself adorable, had made the room so too, with its tulips in Lowestoft vases, its faded Persian carpet, its air of being lived in, in this room hung Horatio's portrait, revealing him as a large and florid person, handsome, nobly posed, extraordinarily solid, and seemingly absorbed in solemn thought. Barbara stood staring at this portrait, wondering what her host-employer was like, and Fanny finds her staring.

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"I think he's jolly good-looking. . . ." and later, gazing again at the picture, she adds: "I wonder what he's thinking about?"

"I used to wonder."

"And now you know?"

"Now I know. . . ."

Yes, she knew. And Ralph, her cousin, knew. And presently Barbara knows too. It was himself. Always himself; solemnly and wonderfully himself.

In the frame of his family—there is a young son, too—we see Mr. Waddington pursuing the pathway of his life. This inner circle regards him with a kind of rapture. "What will he do next?" they ask each other, as he emerges from one great scene or another, unabashed at what to a lesser man would have been humiliating failure or the acme of the ridiculous. For he can shield himself behind that colossal self-satisfaction, can always escape from the world as it were into himself. There was, for instance, The League of Liberty. There is a precious scene where Mr. Waddington, for a few awful moments, fears that Sir John Corbett is going to accept the offered chairmanship of the Committee—offered by himself, to be sure, but only in the sure hope of a refusal, for Sir John is a lazy man. In the end Waddington manages to make Sir John see that a tremendous amount of work is involved in being president of the League, and Sir John utterly refuses, suggesting that Waddington himself—yes, it came out perfectly, and Sir John never even guessed.

To be sure, Sir John was telling Lady Corbett as Waddington disappeared up the drive that "any one could see the fellow wanted it for himself. I put

(Continued on page 63)

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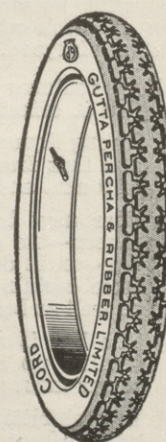
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What The Quebec Liquor Commission Is and What It Does

Plan Deserving of Fair Trial as Experimental Legislation

THE Province of Quebec has always been unique, whether in its history, its composite population, or its attitude towards the rest of the sister provinces of the Confederation. It is not to be wondered at then that it should choose to maintain this character in the matter of grappling with the liquor problem. Quebec, as much as any other part of the world, recognizes that there is a serious problem to be solved; that the old-world drinking habits must be pruned; but it considers the pruning method wiser than the uprooting method.

On the 1st of March of the present year there was appointed a body known as the Quebec Liquor Commission, consisting of five ordinary citizens, whose function it is to carry out the provisions of the Quebec Liquor Act, officially styled "The Alcoholic Liquor Act." The Liquor Commissioners are not policemen whose duty is of the negative and disciplinary order. They exist just as much to see that the public is served with what it is clearly entitled to under the law as to see that the will of the public to discourage heavy alcoholic drinking habits is respected. The underlying idea of this legislation is that the dram habit shall be discouraged and reduced to a minimum, compatible with human liberty, that what is sold in that form shall be pure; while the lighter liquors such as beer and wine shall be more easily procured; but even these are to be dispensed under conditions which will eliminate the sordidness of the old saloon or the "public house" as it is known in Great Britain. The Quebec Liquor Act is a sincere attempt to reduce drunkenness and drinking habits, while preserving the right of the individual to use a form of drink which dates back to the time that Noah planted a vineyard.

Salient features in the legislation and the regulations which give it effect are:

- (1) Strong liquors can only be bought one bottle at a time, and that from Government depots, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.
- (2) Beer may be purchased by the glass in a bar-less tavern—the equivalent of the old saloon without the bar—or in duly recognized restaurants, or in bottles from certain stores. In hotels and restaurants wine, as well as beer, may also be served with meals.
- (3) The bar is abolished in the taverns, and instead of leaning up against a counter at foot rail, the customer must sit down at a table just as for a meal.
- (4) In prohibition areas where the municipality does not wish to have any intoxicant whatever sold, the Liquor Commission must "keep off the grass."
- (5) Minors under eighteen, "black list" inebriates, and known "keepers" of houses of ill fame, may not be served.
- (6) Dancing, instrumental and vocal music in taverns are forbidden, thereby reducing the incentive to remain and continue drinking.

Probably there are few normal-minded citizens who will be disposed to criticize and condemn these limitations, though the prohibitionists naturally object on principle. If, however, the people of this province co-operate with the commissioners in the effort to have this law "make good," its success will do more to meet the arguments of the bone-dry section of the community than anything else.

The element of personal gain is cut out of the liquor trade under this system, so that the temperance orator's picture of the prosperous saloon-keeper as compared with the drunken sot on the sidewalk disappears. At the same time the bootlegger of prohibition territories has no "raison

d'être," and the liquors which are supplied through the medium of the commissioners, is guaranteed to be absolutely pure and up to proper standards, and cheaper than the bootlegger can sell.

So far as the general public is concerned, there are five channels for the sale of these various liquors. The tavern dispenses beer by the glass, and it must be consumed at a table. In restaurants both beer and wine may be served with meals. An hotel may have both a tavern or a restaurant license. In restaurants there can be no dodging with an excuse for a meal; it must be a genuine one and not the rubber sandwich.

For the purchase of beer in bottles there is the ordinary grocer's or other store which is given a permit by the Commission. These stores are fairly plentiful and accessible.

Perhaps the chief point of interest and also of contention is the Commission's stores, where hard liquor can be bought to the extent of one bottle at a time only. It is urged by some that it is open to a buyer to make a round of such stores; but on the other hand, it is obvious that it would only be the very thirsty being who would take this trouble; so that the restriction must have some effect upon the normal customer. Another limitation in respect of this hard liquor store is that it is only open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., so that there is no chance for a party becoming very convivial in the evening, to send out for a fresh supply. These Government stores close on Saturday at one o'clock.

In the older countries of Europe the village or rural drinking shop or public house was, proportionately speaking, as much a centre of disturbance and of intoxication as the city licensed house. Under the Quebec Liquor Act the rural dweller is subjected to a dry regime, for the permits to sell beer and wine in hotels or restaurants are only issued to establishments in cities and towns, though a license to sell beer in bottle may be had by any respectably conducted small store in a country place. It is, however, open to the resident in the country to order whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, etc., from one of the Commission's establishments and beer from stores and have such shipments delivered by parcel post or express. All spirits sold by the Commission's stores bear the special label of the Commission, though they also carry the original label as to brand.

All hotels, restaurants, taverns and stores pay a permit which, however, is not so costly as the old license fee, for the privilege of selling wine and beer, the highest tariff being for the tavern, cost of which is based upon the rental paid.

The Act provides various penalties for many possible infringements, one of which is that if a customer in a tavern becomes intoxicated owing to excess in that tavern and commits suicide or is killed by reason of such intoxication, the legal representatives shall have the right to sue the employee for damages not exceeding one thousand dollars.

To the extent that the Quebec Liquor Act seeks to restrain excess, while allowing liberty in the moderate use of intoxicants, it is deserving of a fair trial as experimental legislation, and as the law was duly passed by both chambers of the Legislature, it is only fair to expect that citizens will assist in making it a successful experiment. The majority of citizens wish to see drunkenness reduced, especially to see young people of both sexes spared from the bar habit and the lures of the saloon. It is the spirit of this age and especially of this continent, that efficiency of the nation and of the individual is associated with either abstention from or very moderate use of alcoholic liquors. It may be that the old Province of Quebec may yet demonstrate that it has hit upon the best temperance legislation.



Cold ?

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Then warm up on

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“Ye Goode Olde Englishe Brewe”

Made in Canada's finest and most sanitary brewery and absolutely free from preservatives.

THE PATHETIC EGOIST.

(Continued from page 60)

him in an awful funk, pretending I was going to take it,” but then, Waddington never saw the reverse side of himself, to express it that way.

The League soon comes to smash, but it was entirely over the heads of the people, or, as Horatio explained it, “It's a bit too big for 'em. They can't grasp it. Sleepy minds. You can't rouse 'em if they won't be roused.”

“He emerged from his defeat with an unbroken sense of intellectual superiority.”

There follows the remarkable experience with Mrs. Levitt, ending with her slapping him and calling him an old imbecile. That was hard to turn to his advantage, it was difficult there to come away with the noble gesture intact, but he manages it. As Barbara and Ralph have said all along, he is magnificent.

It is hard to choose between the time when he is taken ill, and lies in bliss while the whole household gyrates about him, and even Sir John calls to inquire every day, and the time when he is photographed for his book. Which is the more gloriously Waddingtonian? They are perhaps merely different, but equal. The illness is a sequence to the photographing, since it seizes upon him after severe exposure in being taken out playing in the snow, a sign of his superb, unshaken youth and vigor, but it is complete in itself. And even as the illness came on through the photographs he had taken of himself, so did his last and finest gesture develop because

of the illness. For it is during that that he decides that dear little Barbara is in love with him.

And then indeed things are a bit stiff for Mr. Waddington. He has poured out a great man's devotion at the feet of his “little April girl” and she laughs at him:

“Not Mrs. Levitt's laughter, gross with experience. He had borne that without much pain. Girl's laughter it was, young and innocent and pure, and ten times more cruel.

“‘You don't know,’ she said, ‘you don't know how funny you are,’ and left him.

Left him to go to the young Ralph, whom she did love, left him to Fanny, who had seen, who understood—and who felt immensely sorry. As she says afterwards to Barbara:

“I was glad. I thought: If only he could have one real feeling. If only he could care for something or somebody that wasn't himself. . . . I think he cared for you, Barbara. It wasn't just himself. And I loved him for it.”

He wanted to be young, handsome, admired. And he was only laughed at. It was that which made Fanny unhappy, even though she too laughed at him. For one couldn't help it. And though he carries things off somehow, and saves himself after a fashion, yet deep down he suffers. It is hard work, bitter work to be an egoist in a world full of people who simply will not take anything seriously.

We leave him on his way to his mother. To her he remains young, and has always been perfect. There he will be healed, and come out again, noble in his forgiveness, great once more in the true Waddington manner.

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In a general way it is a healthy life, but the constant jarring and jolting of the train's movements often give rise to kidney troubles and the exposure to sudden changes of temperature is conducive to piles or hemorrhoids.

These are the two ailments from which the railroader most frequently suffers and this is why most railroad men so fully appreciate Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and Dr. Chase's Ointment.

If you are not already acquainted with these well known medicines, these letters will prove of special interest to you.

▽▽▽

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. J. F. Robson, R.R. No. 4, Komoka, Ont., writes:—

"I am certainly glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble. I suffered for a long time from kidney disease and pains in the back. I commenced using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and found that by using two pills a week the kidneys and bowels were kept in perfect order, and that I had no more pains in the back. We always keep these pills in the house for general use."

PILES

Mr. Wm. R. Hennesey, Blackville, N.B., writes:—

"I hereby recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who suffer from Piles. I had them for fifteen years, and tried all kinds of salves and treatments, but got no help. At last I used Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it made a complete cure. I have also used Dr. Chase's Plasters for lame back, and can certainly recommend them. They entirely cured my back. You have permission to publish this letter."

Dr. Chase's Medicines have always been favorites with railroad men. You can buy them at any drug store. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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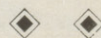
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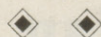
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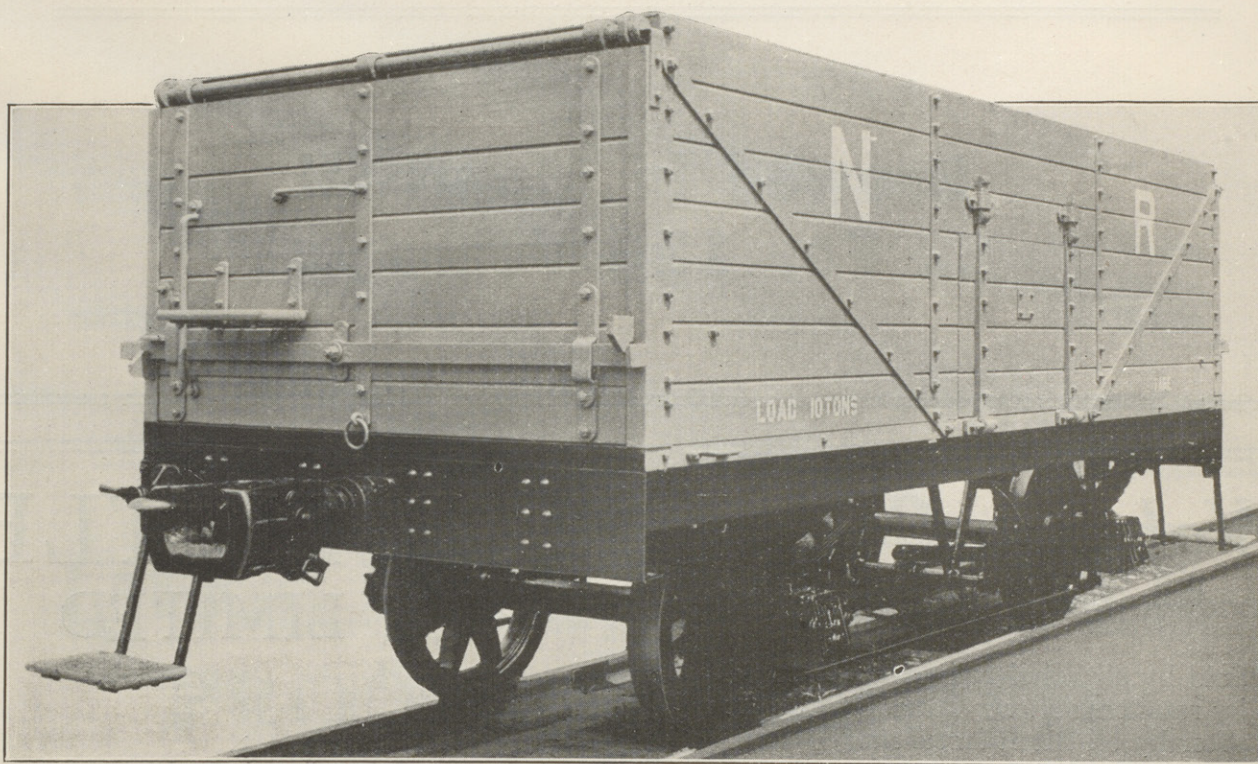
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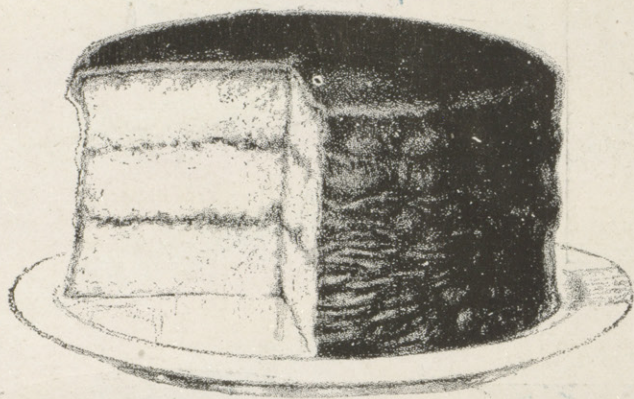
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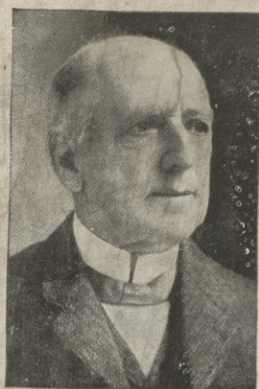
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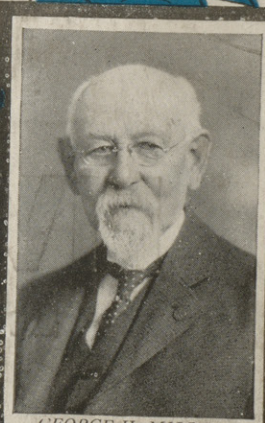
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